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JULY 30, 1963

NATIONAL REVIEW

A Journal of Fact and Opinion

THE MOST DANGEROUS MAN IN BRAZIL

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Is Hawaii Turning to the Left?

LAWRENCE V. COTT

Mr. Kennedy's War: The U.S. Supports Angolan Terror

JAMES BURNHAM

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PUBLISHER: William A. Rusher

EDITORS

James Burnham, Willmoore Kendall,
Frank S. Meyer, William F. Rickenbacker
MANAGING EDITOR: Priscilla L. Buckley
PRODUCTION: Martha Butler, Arlene Croce
ASSISTANT PUBLISHER: J. P. McFadden

ASSOCIATES

Frank Chodorov, D. G. M. Coxe,
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CONTRIBUTORS

C. D. Batchelor, Colm Brogan, John Chamberlain,
John Abbot Clark, Peter Crumpet, Guy Davenport, A. Derso,
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FOREIGN CONTRIBUTORS

London: Anthony Lejeune
Munich: E. v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn

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CIRCULATION MANAGER: Robert J. White
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In This Issue . . .

➔ **John Dos Passos,** giving full rein to his enormous journalistic talent, describes important events going on in Brazil, and singles out the special importance of Senhor Carlos Lacerda, whom he dubs the most dangerous man in Brazil: *i.e.*, dangerous to Brazil's enemies, who are very numerous. Mr. Dos Passos will in due course publish a book on Brazil, incorporating the material in this article, to be called *Brazil on the Move*. . . . **Lawrence V. Cott,** making his debut in NATIONAL REVIEW, is Mr. Anti-Communism of Hawaii, a young man of enormous energies and tremendous experience in the ways of the Hawaiian Reds. It was he who formed our very favorite committee—the Pearl Harbor Committee to Keep One's Eyes on the Russian Fleet. . . . Dr. **Will Herberg,** the renowned sociologist, historian, and philosopher from Drew University, and religion editor for NATIONAL REVIEW, has begun a systematic examination of the Supreme Court's prayer decisions, whose legal and historical base was examined in the last issue by Brent Bozell. This time around, Dr. Herberg faces the arguments of those religious men who argue against the "trivialization" of religion, suggesting that it is better to get religion out of the school altogether, than to keep it there as a tenuous ritual. There is one great weakness, says Dr. Herberg, in the argument of those who seem to look forward to the day when they can take religion back to the catacombs.

➔ **Anthony Lejeune** writes about the pleasant, if simplistic, book by Ved Mehta on the British historians. . . . **Garry Wills** reviews the latest novel of Morris West, with something less than the reverence inspired in other people. . . . **George Morgenstern,** editorial writer for the *Chicago Tribune*, and author of an important revisionist book on Pearl Harbor, examines sympathetically the life of former Senator Burton K. Wheeler, a steadfast Liberal who made the mistake of defying FDR on a couple of issues, whereupon The Fireside Chatterer did gaily cut the Senator's throat from ear to ear. . . . Professor **Walter Darnell Jacobs** (of the University of Maryland) reports on the sensational book of Marshal Sokolovsky, formerly of the Red Army, which openly discusses the strategy behind the Red Army. Its purpose, says the Marshal, is to wage wars, and win them. . . . Dr. **Robert J. Needles,** St. Petersburg's Renaissance Man (he is an M.D., a historian, an essayist, a jazz connoisseur, the all-time epistolary long-distance champion), comments on the audacious book of Dr. John Rock on birth control and The Pill. . . . And **John Gregory Dunne,** of *Time* mag, has a saucy look at some recent movies, some good, some atrocious.

➔ **Victor Miller,** a recent graduate of Yale ('62) and at present a laborer in a Madison Avenue vineyard, takes on the New Frontier pictorially and lets us in on what must be going on behind a few of the more select Closed Doors. ➔

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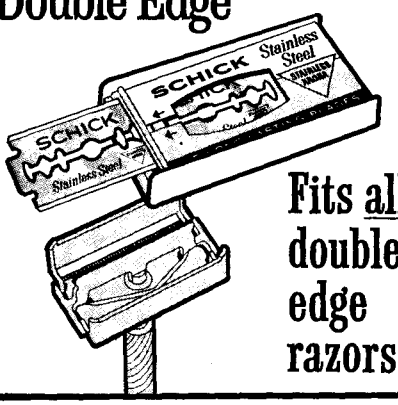

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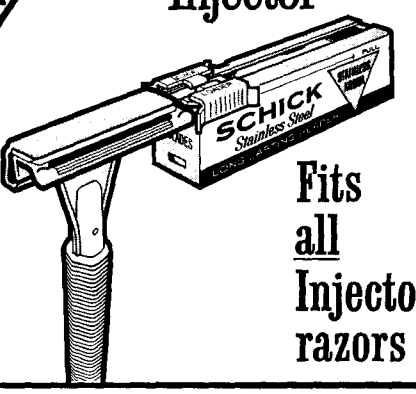

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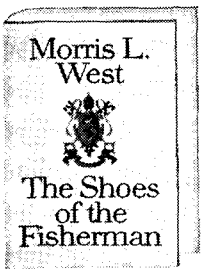

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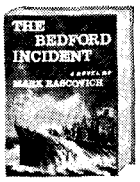

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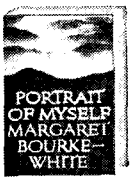

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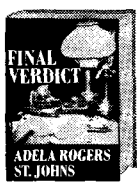

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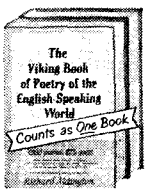

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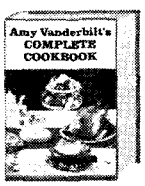

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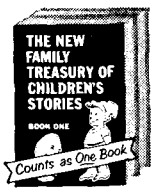

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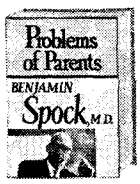

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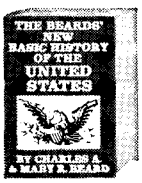

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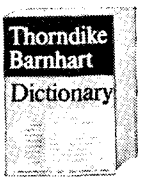

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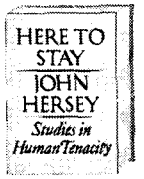

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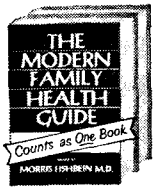

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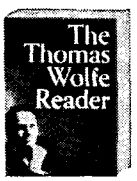

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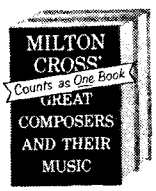

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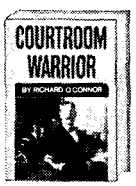

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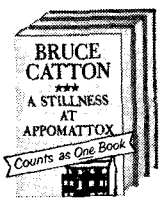

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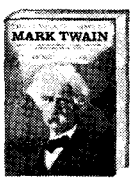

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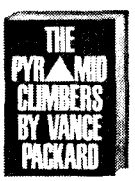

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The WEEK

● Charlie Brown has known for years that Lucy could be hateful, but, simple soul that he is, never suspected the AWFUL TRUTH, that she is in fact a fascist. But now that *Unità,* the Italian Communist Party's daily, has unmasked Lucy's fascistic tendencies, Charlie Brown is absolutely trembling in his sneakers. *He* knows that the radical Right "is every bit as dangerous to America" as the radical Left.

● The Joint Chiefs of Staff don't get much chance to air their views in these days of McNamara's Ban, but the Senate Special Preparedness Subcommittee gave them a forum last week on the subject of a nuclear test-ban treaty. The Chiefs unanimously oppose a treaty on the lines the President has indicated; such an agreement, they feel, would not provide adequate protection against Russian cheating. The Chiefs' attitude will reinforce Senate opposition to any deal Averell Harriman brings home from Moscow (see "From Washington Straight," this issue, p. 52, and "On the Right," p. 51).

● In the UN the other day, U.S. Ambassador Adlai Stevenson warned the new African states to halt their "acts of impatience" against the Republic of South Africa and Portugal. Very good, commented the eminent Mr. Arthur Krock. But what could Mr. Stevenson expect, save what the impatient nations are now doing? "What else," he asked, recalling the Administration's many interventions in sub-Saharan Africa, "What else than these 'acts of impatience' of the newly independent countries could have been expected by the government which contributed so greatly to their incitement?" Moreover, Mr. Krock pointed out, most U.S. provocations in Africa—war against the pro-Western Tshombe, patronizing the Angolan terrorist Holden Roberto, demanding "immediate" self-government for all of Africa—had been carried out through the instrumentality of the United Nations itself. Do Mr. Stevenson's present inclinations, then, suggest a welcome reversal in the Kennedy Administration's former, reckless, approach to Africa?

● The White House succeeded in deferring until July 29 the strike deadline on the nation's railroads. In the ensuing couple of weeks it has hardly contributed to a rational use of the borrowed time. It should have been mobilizing public opinion against the intransigence of a few former coal shovelers who would rather halt every train in the nation than give up their sinecures at the portside window of a diesel locomotive. Instead, Labor Secretary Willard Wirtz has accused unions and management of equal irresponsibility and inaction. Such talk can only solidify the opposed positions and make more probable a national rail strike, and White House seizure of the industry.

● The Civil Aeronautics Board has refused to give any explanation for its decision to disapprove the proposed merger of American and Eastern Air Lines. That leaves a merger-hungry industry without guidelines from its regulatory agency as to what is and what isn't an allowable merger—and for this confused and uncertain result the two airlines had to wait eighteen months. Why won't the CAB publish the reasons for its important decision? Because there aren't any? Or because it's ashamed of them?

● Rep. John Young (D., Tex.) is Speaker McCormack's choice to fill a vacancy on the House Rules Committee, and House Liberals are so exercised about it they dispatched an anonymous spokesman, weeping and gnashing, to the *New York Times* to complain. Young, he wept, is too conservative, and thus would threaten the one-vote control we so painfully packed the Rules Committee to get. And McCormack, he gnashed, had better mind the store because "there are a lot of people in the House who would love not to see him Speaker in the next Congress." ("The importance of the Rules Committee," the *Times* was moved to explain, "lies in the fact that all major legislation ordinarily is funneled through it from other committees to the House floor. The Committee thus has the power to delay or block bills it does not like and often did so *prior to 1961." Since* 1961, the *Times* does not explain, the Committee has lost none of its zest for bottling up legislation it does not like; only now it does not like conservative legislation. The Committee is presently celebrating Captive Nations Week by bottling up certain resolutions supporting the captive nations' desire for eventual liberation.) To merit such hand-wringing from the Liberals, one would think, Rep. Young must be a real super-patriot. His voting record? ADA, 50; COPE, 64; ACA, 29.

● Captive Nations Week was observed last week in different ways. One group met at the Captive Nations building in New York, directly across from the United Nations building, to mourn for their enslaved brethren. President Kennedy, required by law to proclaim Captive Nations Week, did so as mechanically as if he were proclaiming National Tavern Week. Averell Harriman spent the week in Moscow, deep in the pillows of Russian *Gemütlichkeit.* And Liberals on the House Rules Committee bottled up a bill

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proposed by Rep. Daniel Flood (D., Pa.) to create a permanent committee on Captive Nations.

● Daily convoys guarded by UN troops make the round trip from Elisabethville to the Rhodesian border. The journey is unsafe except in convoy, a/c jungle bandits. In the days before the UN came in to restore order, the trip was made by unaccompanied travelers in complete safety.

● Practicing what they preach is proving quite a problem for Liberia and the Cameroons which, with the other African nations at Addis Ababa assembled, declared ideological war on Portugal and South Africa. Liberia decided to show its displeasure by expelling all Portuguese to be found within her boundaries—all six of them, as it turned out. The Cameroons fired off a tart note breaking diplomatic relations, and didn't much like it when Lisbon replied by pointing out that much as it would like to oblige, the two countries never had had any diplomatic ties which they now could break. Very well then, said the Cameroons, we will instead close all our ports and airfields to Portuguese ships and planes—a prohibition which has not visibly upset Lisbon since the last Portuguese sailor to touch shore in the Cameroons was, historians appear to agree, Vasco da Gama.

● Here and there you can get a hint of it, as when the *New York Times* gives front-page treatment to a story about the misgivings of "experts" (unnamed) concerning the Common Market, or when you notice that the eminent economist Wilhelm Roepke has given a speech in which he judges the Common Market has tried to go too fast, or when you see that Great Britain and other countries may start talking of, not membership, but "association" with, not *the* Common Market, but a sort of loose consortium of Western nations. Well and good. The Common Market isn't the only approach to a strong Western partnership; it's one way, a good way, but it can exist alongside others, and it isn't the be-all and end-all. The idea of regional cooperation, of any kind, remains an attractive idea.

● Carlos Julio Arosemena Monroy was president of Ecuador until the army deposed him on July 11 and sent him to Panama (where there are so many Arosemenas he'll hardly be noticed). He is accused of drinking too much (*post hic propter hooch?*), being soft on Communism (he seemed to be improving), and calling the military brass a bunch of "Creole Calvinists." You can't help liking a man who invents such charming sneers, especially when the sneers are objective. After all, anyone who believes in predestination has no business in Latin American politics.

● Conscious or unconscious, John Kennedy's mimicry of FDR is spooky. Now he's cranking up the old Passamaquoddy tidal-pool hydroelectric power project, which FDR started in the '30s to provide employment for a few friends on the Maineland across from his Campobello Island *dacha,* and which was abandoned when even he and even-more-so Harold Ickes had to succumb to the GOP criticism that it was uneconomic. But is it economic now? Interior Secretary Udall says it is, thanks to the development of more efficient generators and transmission equipment. He might at least have mentioned that it was the privately owned utilities that developed the equipment.

● IN CASE YOU HADN'T HEARD DEPT.: *Sylvanus and Evelyn Duvall, syndicated columnists* ("Let's Explore Your Mind"), *answering the question "Should people be taught to be self-reliant?":* "No. At one time in our national history, before there were great social pressures upon the individual, self-reliance was both good and safe. But today, most individuals can stand up against group pressures only if they are significantly related to strong groups that can give them real support. The development of worthy and desirable groups is one of the most important tasks of a modern democracy."

Erratum: Col. Antoine Argoud, identified in the last issue [July 16] as "head of the OAS after the capture of General Salan," was, in fact, never connected with the OAS and took no part in the campaign of terror the OAS conducted both in Algeria and France at the time of the Evian agreements. Argoud was, however, one of the founding members of Georges Bidault's *Conseil National de la Résistance* and as such charged with organizational and propaganda work for the CNR in France. —Ed.

● LYSISTRATEGY, 1963 (from an advertisement on the woman's page of the *New York Times,* July 16): "How childish are the brawn and brains of men . . . the deceivers of womankind. MAN—sprung from her delicate womb, lovingly nurtured and protected until such time when he flees from her arms to plunge headlong into his diabolical TEMPLE OF ARMAGEDDON. . . . Isn't it time that WOMEN AWAKE from their vacuous, somniferous world of complacency? Awake to defy the subterfuges which men with satanic ingenuity invented and employed for thousands of years . . . like forcing ladies to wear iron chastity belts during the Crusades. And what, through the ages, has [*sic*] been man's most brilliant achievements? WARS! CONFLICTS! DEDICATION TO VIOLENCE! . . . If we do not STOP THE ARMAMENTS RACE . . . we are nothing more than inhuman MONSTROSITIES and DESERVE to be blasted into OBLIVION!"

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Goldwater and the Race Issue

The Blast-Off

1. Mr. Rockefeller's Statement

No position, however preposterous, may be ignored if it is a) taken seriously by a significant number of people, or if it is b) advanced by persons of high position in the community. For both reasons it is necessary to examine Mr. Rockefeller's hysterical accusations against the overwhelming majority of the young members of the Republican Party; against, probably, the majority of the older members of the Republican Party; indeed for that matter, against the entire Democratic Party; and against, possibly, the majority of the people of the United States—not because what he says is intrinsically serious.

Let us, to begin with, place Mr. Rockefeller's charges in context.

Up until recently, Mr. Rockefeller was Number One in the Republican Party, or so he was reported to be by the Gallup Poll. Certainly he never doubted that he was.

And then the decline began. What were its symptoms, and its causes? A diminished majority at the November election; corruption among his closest associates; an outraged reaction to his solemn contention that a rise in "fees" was not a rise in "taxes"; a growing awareness of the fiscal hocus-pocus on which he has relied in "balancing" the budget; an awareness of the hugeness of his budgets; his grating erraticism as critic of Mr. Kennedy's foreign policy . . . and then the remarriage—which capped, rather than caused, the decline in his public esteem.

Now Mr. Rockefeller, who calls on us for unity, has always meant by unity, unity behind a) himself; or (second best) unity behind b) what he loosely calls his principles—which principles are so vaguely stated that no one, but no one, to the right of Marx, or to the left of Torquemada, could possibly disagree with them. (The six principles he lists in his current statement of the articles of faith of the Republican Party would be signed without hesitation by Senator Eastland, President Kennedy, Walter Reuther, and Robert Welch.) After Nixon had clearly licked him in the winter 1959-1960, Rockefeller chose the moment most embarrassing to Nixon—just before the Chicago Convention—to release a statement, much like this one, expressing, in effect, his deep misgivings about Nixon's candidacy. The move was designed not so much as a last-minute attempt to capture the Convention (that had long since become impossible) but to effect a public dissociation of himself from Nixon, so that when Nixon went down to defeat, as Mr. Rockefeller must truly have hoped he would do (his own vaunted principles being so much closer to the principles of the Democratic Party than to the traditional principles of the Republican Party, behind which Nixon more or less stood), Rockefeller would not be associated with that defeat. Indeed, when Nixon lost, Rockefeller escaped unscathed.

Mr. Rockefeller's present statement serves three purposes. The first is to damage Goldwater in order to improve Rockefeller's own relative chances of getting the nomination. The second is to effect once again the dissociation, which might prove valuable to him in 1968, if Goldwater were nominated and defeated. The third is to attract the fanatic loyalty of the groups that fear Goldwater and the principles he runs on, and are attracted to any man who will wage totalist warfare against him.

The statement itself can only appeal to a kind of extremist. Only an extremist can seriously believe that America's "radical Right"—however you define it—is "every bit as dangerous to American principles and American institutions as the radical Left." On that point, Dr. Fred Schwarz's response remains the classic answer, that "on the one hand is an international dictatorship disposing of thermonuclear weapons and controlling the movements of one-half the people of the world, while on the other is a candy manufacturer, with one million bonbons." To say that the radical Right "utterly rejects [the] fundamental principles of our heritage" is nothing more than genocidal political polemics, of the drastically irresponsible kind, the left-wing equivalent of the crazy-Right statement that "Washington is controlled by the Communists."

But in that vein Mr. Rockefeller, in a statement dubbed "eloquent" by the *New York Times*, continues. The Young Republicans in San Francisco were "disgracefully subverted" by the radical Right. "Subverted." Another totalist word, from the Republican Party's Great Moderate. Indeed, the Right intends to "subvert the Republican Party itself." Its program would "destroy [the Republican Party] altogether." The Republican Party threatens, under the Goldwater leadership, to become "a party of extremism," "a party of sectionalism," "a party of racism" . . . And Mr. Rockefeller's rhetoric, having slipped into so low a gear, cannot come out of it even when he is talking about Democrats. Under Mr. Kennedy, he says unjustly, we have a "paralysis of government." While

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unprincipled opportunists are merely at work trying to infiltrate the Republican Party, worse, much worse, has already happened to the Democrats. "Unprincipled opportunism *has captured* the Democratic Party."

These are the words of an overwrought man, who would rather bring down his party and his country with him, than face the fact that the people appear to have no further use for him. What we need, says Mr. Rockefeller, is "unity for principle." His idea of principle is to defame large blocs of the population, to impute racism, fascism, and un-Americanism to all who decline to fawn upon him, to betray a colleague who has scrupulously repudiated the berserk Right and endeavored to preach unity in the Republican Party. So much for principle. Let Mr. Rockefeller preach his ideas of the principled life to his various families, and spare the nation his cynical moralizing. We have, after all, higher dreams to dream than serving as Mr. Rockefeller's constituency.

2. *The Argument*

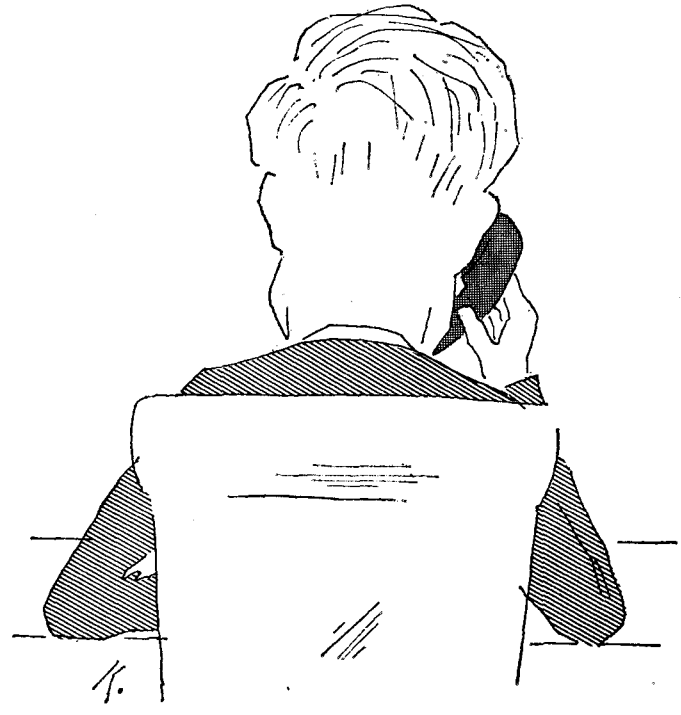
Mr. Rockefeller can be accused of pouring gasoline, but the embers were there already, as NATIONAL REVIEW has several times noted. Most particularly, Mr. Joseph Alsop, and the *New York Herald Tribune*, and one or two other journals and journalists, have insisted, in varying states of jitters, that the Goldwater movement is based on racist opportunism. Thus Messrs. Rowland Evans and Robert Spivack recently wrote: *"While pledging allegiance to the general principle of racial equality, the* [*Young Republican*] *convention's civil rights resolution supported no new federal legislation and flatly opposed any prohibition against racial segregation in restaurants, hotels, and other public accommodations."* And Alsop: *"*[*Goldwater*] *has attacked the proposal to desegregate public facilities as an offense against states' rights . . . That adds up, nowadays, to being against civil rights."* And the *Herald Tribune*: *". . . what causes concern* [*is*] *a tendency, a plan, a plot—call it what you will—to scrap the Republican Party . . . They* [*Goldwater backers*] *would do so by creating a 'lily white' party . . .* [*which*] *would be as immoral a political act as any by a major party in American history. . . ."*

It is morally, constitutionally, and politically incorrect to argue as though the President's civil rights bill were a watershed which separates those who desire from those who do not desire, an improvement in race relations; and, derivatively, incorrect to assume that an appeal to the South by the Republican Party is an act of racial opportunism.

A. The civil rights bill is a very recent contrivance of a beleaguered Administration. Some of the bill's provisions were not so much as mentioned by Mr. Kennedy, or by any other Democratic Party officials —let alone put forward as legislative proposals—three months ago. The question before the public is whether the President's civil rights bill stands to increase the freedom of American racial minorities without unduly curtailing the freedom of others. Perhaps the President is correct, that his sudden insight into the civil rights problem absolutely requires the passage of this particular measure. But at the very least the issue is debatable.

B. The constitutional issue is not so obvious as the bill's defenders assume. Such journalists as Arthur Krock and David Lawrence, reflecting the opinion of close students of the law, have seriously questioned whether certain provisions of the civil rights bill can be supported by the authority of Congress under the Interstate Commerce Clause or the Fourteenth Amendment. It is undiscriminating to insist that the question of constitutionality has not been raised and to dismiss constitutionally-based arguments against the bill as presumptive anti-Negroism.

C. The Goldwater movement is not centered on the



"Now look, Bobby, if we tell Joe and Stewart that Rocky's heard from Washington that I'd rather run against Barry, they'll write that someone leaked that I'd told you that Rocky had heard from Washington that I can run better against Barry than Rocky if I appeal to human rights instead of poverty rights. What we have to do is tell the Times that Joe and Stewart heard that I'd told you that Rocky heard from them that I'd rather run against him—then he would tell Joe and Stewart that you said I'd rather run against Barry because I can appeal to minorities without regard to race or creed or national origin. Got it?"

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JULY 16 1963

NATIONAL REVIEW

A Journal of Fact and Opinion

I was kidnaped by De Gaulle...

COLONEL ANTOINE ARGOUD'S OWN STORY

The Supreme Court: Saving Our Children from God

L. BRENT BOZELL

Also In This Issue:

MEYER BLASTS JFK ◆ BURNHAM ON HOW TO EXPLOIT THE SINO-SOVIET SPLIT ◆ INSIDE WASHINGTON WITH CATO ◆ & A HILARIOUS LOOK AT SALINGER BY W. H. VON DREELE

Do you know why this headline did not surprise our readers?

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> **"The anti-Communist parties and groups, like former Premier Bidault's Christian Democrats and the National Regroupment which I lead, have been dissolved, in violation of the Constitution and of democratic rights. *Thousands of citizens known for their anti-Communist views have been thrown into prison or concentration camps, without trial, recourse or time limit.*"**

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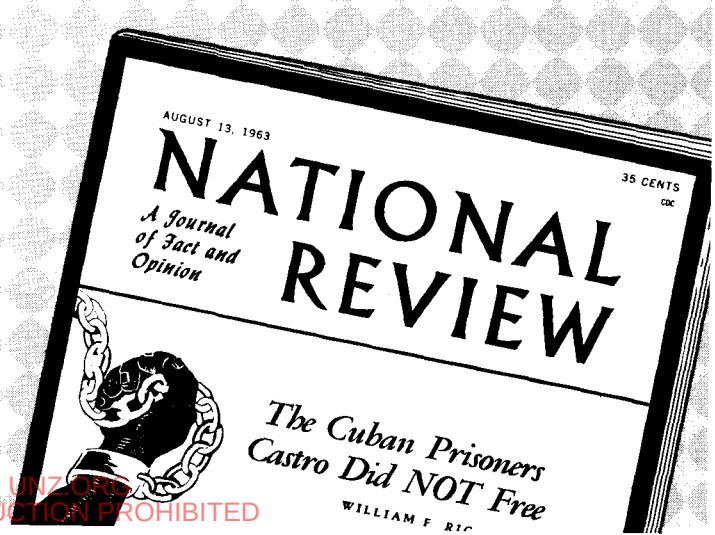

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For the Record

Authorities in South Carolina, Connecticut and Delaware have announced that recitation of Lord's Prayer and Bible readings can continue in public schools, on voluntary basis. . . . New Jersey has forbidden such practices, threatens crackdown on Mahwah Board of Education which has voted to restore prayers in its schools. . . . If Immigration authorities have their way, the 58 students who defied State Department and made illegal trip to Cuba will be detained in immigration centers upon their return until their passports run out—about 22 months hence, for most. . . . Grand Cayman Islanders protesting use of their island by Castro agents in their own way: they recently marched on airfield and lay down across runways to prevent take-off or landing of planes from Cuba. . . . The well-informed Cuban Student Directorate estimates that more than 14 per cent of Cuba's population has been jailed at one time or another since Castro took power; it claims 10,717 persons have been executed by Castro firing squads.

Judge Thurgood Marshall (who should know better) last week praised Jomo Kenyatta, the Mau Mau chief who now runs Kenya, as "a symbol of freedom" to all American Negroes. . . . Communist Hungary, within a week of its international rehabilitation (courtesy U Thant and U.S. Government), announced it was breaking off trade relations with South Africa because of South Africa's "racial and colonialist policies." . . . East Germany, on the other hand, has recently offered to supply South Africa with arms and ammunition.

Two Detroiters (Edward Kelly and Jack Barrett), who presented Ralph Bunche with wreath protesting UN actions in Katanga several weeks ago, have been acquitted in a jury trial on charges of "disturbing the peace." . . . Latest figures indicate 41 State Department employees resigned in 1962 rather than face security charges (higher than during hottest McCarthy year); 24 of them were listed as sex perverts.

Latest craze in the Middle East: The Christine Keeler, a perfumed hashish guaranteed to give sweet dreams.

Negro problem, and no national political movement addressing itself to the totality of the national concern ought to be. The Goldwater movement is based on an essentially conservative view of social reality —one that, for instance, resists the notion that Congress should be stampeded into passing a law which was not even conceived of as recently as a year ago merely because proximate pressures may indicate the political or social advantage of passing it at this moment. It is a conservative function to resist the clamor of the public if it calls for action which is deemed strategically unwise, or philosophically objectionable: such resistance to ochlocracy as was shown by Socrates when he unsuccessfully opposed the collective trial of the Athenian admirals, and Senator Taft, who successfully opposed Mr. Truman's call for conscripting recalcitrant strikers.

Mr. Goldwater's popularity in the South is based on factors which, if it cannot be said that they transcend the Negro problem, at least do not apparently converge directly upon it—except to the extent that Mr. Goldwater has said he is not in favor of depriving the states of the powers they now have. If it follows that by taking that position Goldwater is racist in effect, then it would follow that anyone defending the Bill of Rights is pro-Communist in effect. Goldwater will be cheered every bit as lustily in the new South if he delivers a speech critical of the President's foreign policy and of his domestic economic policy, as he would be if he were to devote his attention to proclaiming his belief in states' rights.

The nation, left and right, has most to fear that the prejudicial treatment being given to the Goldwater movement, the emotive denunciations urging the conclusion that the Goldwater movement is *de facto* anti-Negro, will bring two results, both baneful. The first is the denial to the apparently dominant voices in the Republican Party of the right to assert their democratic prerogative by selecting their favorite candidate. The second—and here is the most insidious effect of these dangerous disjunctions—is to lead enormous numbers of people into temptation: if they continue to back Senator Goldwater, they are to be written off as racist; and if they are written off as racist, they are immunized from the force of the all-important moral and social sanctions against racism, and may be tempted then to do less than the best they can to improve race relations.

We are, after all, talking about a large group of people whose primary concerns are the foreign and domestic policies of the Administration in non-racial areas. To put it another way, who besides Senator Goldwater has so assiduously and consistently criticized President Kennedy—on matters that have nothing whatever to do with the Negro problem—on Europe, Laos, Cuba, foreign aid, the gold flow, the bureaucratization of government, the encroachments

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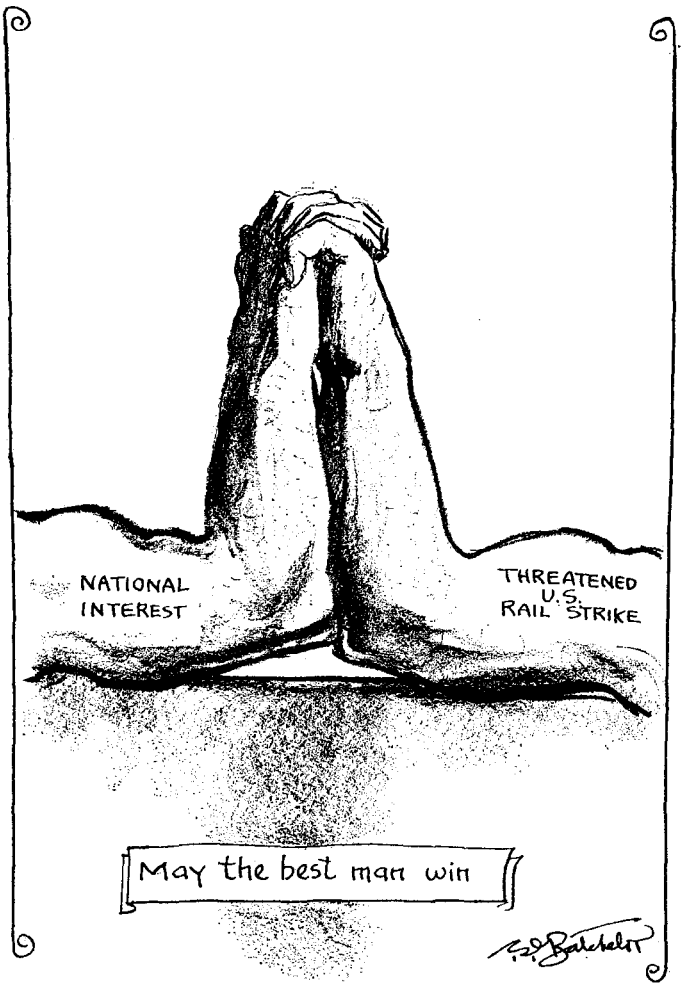
of administrative law, the domestic deficit, the increase in welfarism?

Is it wrong for Mr. Goldwater's followers to seek the electoral votes of the South? If so, why is it not wrong for Mr. Kennedy *et al.* to seek, as they so patently do, the votes of the big cities, with their heavy Negro population? Is it not the proper role of the statesman to seek to cultivate the best interests of the majority, as well as those of the minorities? The Goldwater movement hopes to appeal to *all* the states of the Union. But if Senator Goldwater sincerely believes, as Mr. Dirksen has said *he* does, that to depart from legal and constitutional custom by passing neoteric laws designed momentarily to appease a minority, is a false policy based on panic, and ill-designed to serve the best interests of the Negro minority in the long run—ought he not say so frankly? And if in saying so he appeals to the majority of the Southern voters, many of whom have clearly indicated in the preceding period their preference for essentially conservative national and international policies, should he refrain from wooing their political support?

Mr. Goldwater's critics in the Republican Party are playing into the hands of those within the Democratic Party who yearn to gain acceptance for the thesis that the most popular man active in the GOP is, by admission even of the august Republican daily, the *New York Herald Tribune*, the representative of the party's Immoral Wing. As it stands, are they not in effect encouraging the view that the Negroes' best interests are to be served by discouraging the candidate for the Presidency who seeks, by more efficacious means than any we have recently seen, a) to repress the Communist movement, b) to contain our domestic inflation, and c) to preserve the individual's freedom of action outside the federal authority? Is it really true that to seek to emancipate the South from the one-party thraldom which has sustained its Ross Barnetts is to damage the Negroes' opportunities? In the name of the American Negroes' cause, which a responsible party should not distinguish from the cause of American white men, the critics should reconsider their arguments.

When the Negroes are truly free, as we pray they someday will become (no, not tomorrow—they can never be free tomorrow, so long as they are thought of, are pandered to, and act, as a monolithic minority: any more than they became truly "free" upon Mr. Lincoln's proclamation to that effect)—we hope and pray that they will inherit a society which is free of domination from those external forces which have suppressed minority and majority rights wherever they have seized control, and free of that domestic menace—overweening government—which discriminates against freedom without reference to race, color, or creed.



Quid Est Demonstrandum?

Civil rights demonstrators have been picketing a White Castle restaurant in the Bronx, not because the Castle is named White because it is white, or because the restaurant chain doesn't serve Negroes (it does), or because it doesn't hire Negroes (it does), but merely because it hires *that* many Negroes, instead of *this* many.

The demonstrators, including a hard core of professional street agitators, have engaged in sit-ins, picketing, shouting, threats (one of the pros has screamed, "If you don't give us what we want, blood will be shed in the streets!"). At one point the area was barricaded by the police, who forced all traffic to take a detour, and who recorded the license plate numbers of those who insisted they had business within the area. The Bronx chapter of CORE (Congress of Racial Equality) is widely believed to be demonstrating its power to knock out a business if it wants to knock it out.

Any settled residential neighborhood will react to such goings-on, and this was no exception. Some of the local residents engaged in a counter-sit-in (to occupy the seats in the restaurant, depriving the demonstrators of space for *their* sit-in). The police

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IN THE NEXT ISSUE

THE PRISONERS CASTRO DIDN'T FREE
by Wm. F. Rickenbacker

THE TENDER-LOVING-CARE CULT
by Taylor Caldwell

made the counter-demonstrators leave if they didn't buy enough Coke and hamburgers. The police did not make the CORE demonstrators observe that rule.

Members of a small splinter party, the Nationalist Party (an activist, right-wing, but non-fascist group), applied to the police for permission to make a counter-demonstration, offering to show their placards to the police for prior approval. The police at first said they wouldn't get permission to picket "within ten miles." The ACLU was notified, and after a while the police had to give in. Another group, headed informally by a local businessman, was told at first it could picket, but only if its members stood ten feet apart, and only if they held American flags and nothing else. That they did; some pushing and jostling ensued; the police told the American flags to move off.

At Cambridge, Maryland, the situation got so out of hand that martial law had to be invoked. When is a demonstration against the demonstrators in order?

A body of public opinion, and perhaps, after a while, a body of law, concerning the rights and duties of demonstrators ought to be put on the agenda. The politicians' fear of labor unions caused them to look the other way while labor was accumulating powers to tyrannize over management and their own members: and now nothing, apparently, can be done about it. Something ought to be done about thinking through the allied problem of "demonstrations"—before the problem surpasses the courage of the moderates in Congress. After that, only an extremist will have the courage to bring the subject up. President Goldwater, maybe?

Vive La Différence?

The Republican Party is the party of Lincoln. It was founded to make men free and equal in opportunity. It is the party of all men, the only national party in America. For that party to turn its back on its heritage and its birthright would be an act of political immorality rarely equaled in human history.

Gov. Rockefeller, July 14, 1963

[Goldwater supporters would] scrap the Republican Party . . . They would do so by creating a 'lily-white' party . . . [which] would be as immoral a political act as any by a major party in American history. [This] would be immoral in terms of the Republican Party . . . it would eject Lincoln and Lincoln's successors . . . It would be, in cold fact, treason to all the party has stood for in its history.

New York Herald Tribune, July 7, 1963

I have no purpose to introduce political and social equality between the white and black races. There is a physical difference between the two, which in my judgment, will probably forever forbid their living together upon the footing of perfect equality; and inasmuch as it becomes a necessity that there must be a difference, I am in favor of the race to which I belong having the superior position."

A. Lincoln, August 21, 1858

That the maintenance inviolate of the rights of the states, and especially the right of each state, to order and control its own domestic institutions according to its own judgment exclusively, is essential to that balance of powers on which the perfection and endurance of our political fabric depends.

• Republican Party Platform, 1860

You and I are different races . . . Even when you cease to be slaves, you are yet far removed from being placed on an equality with white people . . . I cannot alter it if I would . . . It is better for us both, therefore, to be separated. A. Lincoln, Aug. 14, 1862

It so happens that I am in agreement with the objectives of the Supreme Court as stated in the *Brown* decision. I believe that it is both wise and just for Negro children to attend the same schools as whites, and that to deny them this opportunity carries with it strong implications of inferiority. I am not prepared, however, to impose that judgment of mine on the people of Mississippi or South Carolina, or to tell them what methods should be adopted and what pace should be kept in striving toward that goal.

B. Goldwater, 1960

I have always thought and have never lost sight of the thought that all men were and are created equal. That thought ever since my earliest days has enabled me to get along with all classes of people . . . In fact, I can say that this is the one statement that I will make now that in the years to come I will not have to retract—I love my fellow man, be he white or black or yellow, and I am vitally interested in his well-being for that well-being is my well-being. I cannot pass on to my son or sons any more valuable advice than to treat those with whom you associate as those people should be treated by a man that is good to all.

B. Goldwater, 1938

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On the Right

Will They Take Ave?

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

The situation is ripe for what it is fashionable to call a "démarche," *i.e.*, a radical change in policy resulting from the consolidation of new arrangements in international affairs. God alone knows, and I am sure He is despondent over it, what exactly is going on in the mind of Mr. Averell Harriman, in Moscow this week as principal reagent of said démarche; but I fear that he goes in a high state of euphoria over the opportunities that have opened up for the West as a result of the strained relations between Moscow and Peiping.

Buckley

Let it be conceded that these relations are strained indeed. The leaders of Red China and of the Soviet Union have reached the shouting stage in their discussions with one another, and it follows that the West should attempt creatively to exploit those tensions for its own benefit. The prevailing school of thought, however, continues to be based on the assumption that Red China, the ideological die-hard whom we must attempt to isolate, has propelled Russia into a position which requires that she abandon her dogmatic designs against the West. Can we therefore hope for a démarche, *i.e.*, the stirrings of a true defensive alliance between the Soviet Union and the West, against the fundamentalist Communism of Red China?

There is a long tradition for that kind of hopefulness. It springs not only from the temperamental desire of the West, and most specifically of the United States, to believe that every day, in every way, things are getting better and better—the pragmatist's confidence that common sense is bound to intrude into the Communist mentality, so that what will wither away are the rigidities of Marxism-Leninism. It is also backed by speculation based on ethnic and cultural interests which are soundly lodged in historical experience. Several years before the Soviet-Chinese split was a gleam in Mao Tse-tung's eye, its genesis was predicted by some historical theorists. Professor John Lukacs remarked a long time ago that the most significant fact of the first fifty years of this century was that Americans happened to speak English. By that he meant that as a result of our cultural affinity with England, we entered two great wars and so made possible the maintenance of life in Europe. The salient characteristic of the second fifty years of the century, he predicted, will prove to be that the Russians are white-skinned. By which he meant that the ethnic affinity between white Russians and white Westerners would prove to outweigh the ideological differences between the liberal Christian civilization of the West, and the totalist Marxism of Communist China.

After the Dust Settles

And sure enough, the Chinese and the Russians are pulling apart, leaving open the question: What does it mean for the West?

The opportunities, I repeat, are great. But the dangers are greater. Once before, we saw the splendidly resilient ideological instrument, Soviet Russia, make its temporary concessions under pounding pressures. For the six years preceding the Hitler-Stalin Pact of 1939, the Soviet Union had waged a holy war throughout the world against Adolf Hitler. But when the chips were down, and the guns leveled, Molotov signed a treaty with Ribbentrop—for the sake of the Soviet Union's hide. The treaty didn't last very long—22 months it came to—and in fact it was the lunatic effrontery of Hitler that broke it. But it would not have lasted. The ideological fervor did not abate.

Nor is it likely to abate against us. The men who control the Soviet Union are no less ideological, notwithstanding what we are being urged to believe, than Stalin himself was. If Stalin, the premier anti-fascist purist, could be prevailed upon to shake Hitler's fanatical hand in a common alliance, cannot Khrushchev do the same with the amiable old West, under the pressure of Red China—and not mean anything by it?

Hitler-Germany was a threat to Russia of a far higher order than China is. Even so, the alliance was palpably artificial, and never signified a true reconciliation to co-existence in Europe with fascism. Moreover, Red China and Russia are ideological soul-mates who, though they fight with each other ferociously, do so under a single banner. What Khrushchev will attempt to do, under the present adversity, is precisely to take advantage of Western gullibility in order to take a long step forward after the dust has settled, just as Stalin did after the dust had settled on the charred corpse of the madman Hitler.

Harriman is not mad, but he can be dreadfully gullible, as he was when he accepted Khrushchev's plan for Laos. He must, if we are now to take realistic advantage of Moscow's present embarrassment, lay down the roughest of terms. A trunkload of promises from Khrushchev in return for substantive American concessions in nuclear testing is what we have most to fear. If only Harriman could be persuaded to repeat to himself, before every meeting with Khrushchev —as dutifully and methodically as even the most experienced airplane pilot is required, before take-off, to go over, one by one, the list of checks (magnetos, OK; oil pressure, OK; right aileron, OK; left aileron, OK, etc., etc.), even if he has flown a thousand times before—K is a liar; K is a sneak; K is a ruthless dissimulator; K is head of a state committed at any cost short of its own survival to conquer the West; K is a master tactician. Only then might we hope to come back with anything at all from the Moscow Conference that means anything. Otherwise, it will be simply one more way station on the road to Western decline.

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From Washington Straight

CATO

Governor Rockefeller's blast at the GOP right wing just prior to the Governors' Conference has stirred up a hornet's nest in Capitol Republican circles. Rockefeller's denunciation was so intemperate that even many Republican Liberals were appalled. Republican offices on the Hill were quickly flooded with calls and telegrams demanding that Rocky be read out of the party. The attack placed Rocky in the same boat with the New Frontiersmen and Liberal smearmongers who are trying to pin the racist label on the Goldwater movement. If Rockefeller had deliberately chosen to infuriate 90 per cent of the party, he could hardly have chosen his words with greater efficacy.

Cato

The "Stop Goldwater" tribe is restless about Rockefeller's decision to remain in the Presidential race. Republican Liberals know that Rockefeller is tremendously influential with the Eastern money group that has dictated to Republican conventions for years. So long as he remains in the race, they reason, it will be difficult to get the money to launch a dark horse opponent to Goldwater or to build up the existing Liberal alternates—Scranton and Romney—into serious contenders.

House Majority Leader Carl Albert recently confirmed what most congressmen had been suspecting: Congress will not recess this year except for a short Christmas vacation. Hopes for a two-week vacation in late August (to clear the Capitol of congressmen when the Negro demonstrators come in for some uncivil rites) have been fading due to promises by some Negro leaders that there will be no demonstrations on the Hill itself, although they still plan to move 300,000 marchers into Washington.

Why has this session been so prolonged? It is certainly not that the Congress has produced much legislation of note. So far just 29 bills have gone to the White House—mostly of a minor nature.

The really controversial bills, medicare, urban mass transit, and federal aid to education, are being held up simply because they would be beaten if brought to the floor. The Democratic strategy will probably be to send these bills to the floor next year; then, if they get their expected comeuppance, the issues will be fresh in voters' minds and can provide, hopefully, ammunition for New Frontiersmen.

Another reason for keeping Congress in session is that the Administration expects a test ban treaty agreement with Khrushchev, and wants quick consideration of it by the Senate. Even though Senate Liberals admit there is almost no hope of the required two-thirds Senate vote on a test ban treaty, the President is complacent. If the Harrimaniacal scheme gets rejected, JFK will then pin the warmonger label on the GOP.

A recent visitor to Europe, who occupied a top White House post during the Eisenhower years, reports that the anti-French attitude of U.S. officials abroad is "utterly fantastic in both its vehemence and its universality." He claims State Department personnel at all levels have become violently anti-de Gaulle. In private conversations they don't spare pejoratives in their descriptions of the French President and the French people.

Charles Taft and Alf Landon, who have been dubbed "the Grand Old Ladies of the GOP," have, in recent years, become inveterate joint letter-writers. During the 1962 congressional campaign, the two put aside their teacups long enough to dispatch a series of letters soliciting help for a gaggle of Liberal Republicans of the Jacob Javits variety.

Several weeks ago they exhumed their mailing lists and penned a letter in support of the Republican Legislative Research Associates—an organization formed to compile research on current issues for the GOP.

The letter did not explain their reason for believing the GOP needed another research group, and failed to point out that such groups have been multiplying like mosquitoes in the past two years. When word got back to Republican leaders in Congress that their names were being used to solicit funds for this new group, a conference was held, and word sent out that the GOP neither wants nor needs any new research groups.

One of the more exasperating characteristics of the Kennedy Administration has been its falsification of statistics to suit its political purposes. Labor Secretary Wirtz announced just before the last election a huge drop in unemployment, then discovered after the polls were closed that a clerical error had been made: unemployment had actually climbed. Another example of this impressionistic approach occurred in politicking for the Area Redevelopment Act.

The House defeated a bill to give an extra $450 million to the ARA, despite dire warnings about the unemployment that would ensue. When ARA got the bad news, Deputy Administrator Harold Williams gulped bravely and then announced that maybe the economy would survive after all. He told Michigan authorities that the House action would result in a loss of only 1,600 potential jobs. But when the Senate subsequently passed the bill, visions of political plums began dancing in the heads of ARA employees. As the bill was reintroduced in the House, Mr. Williams publicly admitted that his previous estimate was in error. He now told Michigan congressmen that 36,000 of their constituents would be unemployed unless the House reversed itself. How could ARA make a miscalculation of 2,200 per cent? "ARA's original estimate was wrong," explained the helpful Mr. Williams, because "projects at the local level were not included."

Republican budget cutters were interested in a small item in the Department of Labor budget for 1964: $175,000 for consultants to act as mediators in labor disputes. The 1962 budget request for consultants: $13,000.

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The Most Dangerous Man in Brazil

Mr. Dos Passos sketches in the career of Gov. Carlos Lacerda and explains why the radical journalist of the '30s is the man the Communists fear most today

JOHN DOS PASSOS

Next to the presidency, the toughest political assignment in Brazil is the governorship of the new state of Guanabara, formed out of the old Federal District which included the city of Rio de Janeiro before the capital was moved to Brasília. If you ask some information officer at the American Embassy to tell you about Carlos Lacerda, the present governor, all you are likely to get is a mournful shaking of the head, "Dear, dear, he's too controversial."

Carlos Lacerda was brought up from the cradle in an atmosphere of controversy. The whole family was in politics. Carlos was born in Rio the year the First World War began, but his grandfather, Sebastião Lacerda, who was a justice of the Brazilian Supreme Court, insisted on registering his birth at the old family home at Vassouras on the Paraíba River in the State of Rio de Janeiro.

Carlos' father, Maurício Lacerda, a rather erratic Socialist deputy, was too busy with a number of things to pay much attention to his family, so young Carlos was raised at his grandfather's modest farm on the Paraíba River. He says the Paraíba River was as important to his boyhood as the Mississippi was to Mark Twain's.

Carlos was precocious. At sixteen he was already on his own in Rio, studying law and picking up a little money writing for the newspapers. He was developing ability for hard work.

This was in 1930, the year when a widespread rising of military men and politicians installed Getúlio Vargas in the presidency. Brazil was suffering its share of the political upheavals that followed in the wake of the Great Depression.

Vargas ousted the business-oriented regime of Washingtón Luíz, who was such a good friend of the White House that Herbert Hoover sent him home on a battleship after his official visit to the United States. President Washingtón Luíz was the last of a line of Brazilian statesmen who considered friendship with the United States virtually part of their oath of office. Now the stock market crash had made a dent in American prestige. Fascism became the rage in Europe, and Vargas looked to Europe for guidance instead of to the United States. He made his appeal to the masses. Politics became, next to soccer, the great Brazilian sport.

Carlos Lacerda early showed a sharp pen for invective and a talent for public speaking. He had charm, good looks, and reckless personal courage. He was fired by all the enthusiasms of his father's utopian socialism.

Vargas' first administration started out in a New Dealish kind of way. A small, stoutish fellow with a benevolent smile and friendly wrinkles round his eyes, Vargas was a conniving man who preferred to triumph by corrupting his enemies rather than by a direct show of force. As he watched the success overseas of Hitler's National Socialism and of Mussolini's Corporate State he began to plan something similar for Brazil. He began to appreciate the possibilities of the demagogical appeal.

Through government subsidies and by planting his own men in their management he geared labor unions and student organizations, and much of big business, into his own political machine. His twenty-year dictatorship determined the shape of Brazilian society for years to come.

As Student Leader

For a while the Communists offered the only vocal opposition. In those days all oppression seemed to come from the fascists. As student leader of a protest organization called the Alianza Libertadora, Carlos Lacerda traveled about the country appearing at meetings in defense of labor leaders and anti-fascists. His protests were printed in clandestine publications. Whenever Vargas' police scented trouble Carlos Lacerda was one of the first men they carried off to the jug.

He married at twenty-three. When his first child was on the way he had to come to grips with the problem of making a living. Friends talked Vargas into letting the young firebrand out from one of his many jailings on the understanding that he would forgo politics.

He went to work for a nonpartisan journal of economics. He did spreads for an advertising agency. He won fame as reporter for *O Jornal,* the key newspaper of Chateaubriand's national chain, which was the Brazilian counterpart of the Hearst or Scripps-Howard chains in the United States. In 1943 he was made city editor.

After the American entrance into the war against Hitler and particularly when the military fortunes of the Axis powers began to dim, a change came over the Estado Nôvo.

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Fascist was becoming a term of abuse. The good neighbor began to win over the screaming dictator.

It was Lacerda who first broke through Vargas' press censorship. A revered political old timer, who had supported Vargas in his reforming days, gave Lacerda an interview in which he demanded free elections and a free press. *O Jornal* wouldn't print it. When another paper took the risk the result was sensational. The log jam broke. Protests against dictatorship erupted all over Brazil. Lacerda's columns were featured from then on.

By breaking with Chateaubriand's newspapers Lacerda, without a second thought, gave up an assured career as one of Brazil's best-paid journalists. During the same period he became estranged from the Communists. When Lacerda called for civil liberties and a government of law, he meant what he said.

It took the threat of a military coup to induce Vargas to allow presidential elections in 1945. Lacerda jumped back into politics.

He now hated Vargas and the Communists with equal fervor. The wily old dictator was executing a skilful retreat from the Estado Nôvo. The Brazilians wanted political parties? Well, they should have them. He set up a labor party based on his own subsidized labor unions. He did grudgingly allow free unions but they had to pay their own bills. To make sure the Labor Party carried out his wishes, he put his own son in as chairman.

Vargas and the Opposition

Opposition? Very well, but it must be loyal. To keep the opposition in the family Vargas saw to it that his daughter's husband should preside over the competing Social Democratic Party. Having assured his machine of control of a majority of the votes he felt it safe to allow the orators of the National Democratic Union to talk as much as they wanted to.

Carlos Lacerda became the Patrick Henry of the National Democratic Union. All Rio listened to his broadcasts lambasting the corruptions of the Vargas regime and its Communist supporters. The argument became highly personal when a Communist gang waylaid him one night on his way home from the radio station and beat him up severely. His answer was to take a course in judo and to redouble the sarcasm of his attacks. At the same time he conducted a vigorously controversial newspaper column which he called "The Tribune of the Press."

Vargas' Minister of War, General Enrico Gasper Dutra, was elected president for a five-year term by a large majority in 1945. Carlos Lacerda was elected city councilor in Rio. The violence of his enemies brought him support.

Three years later he gave the name of his column "The Tribune of the Press" to a newspaper of his own. It was the first newspaper in Brazil established by public subscription. People from all walks of life bought blocks of stock. Several soccer players chipped in. One day a group of cleaning women turned up at Lacerda's office offering to contribute a few crumpled ten cruzeiro bills.

President Dutra's term would end in 1951. According to the current wording of the so often rewritten Brazilian constitution he could not succeed himself. Vargas, who had spent the five years in rural retirement, was urged to try again.

Vargas was old and tired but his henchmen were hungry. The old machine was still intact in the Labor Party and the labor unions. His supporters united with the Communists (whose watchword was now Down with the United States), with the leftovers of fascist nationalism, the frustrated radicals who still dreamed of a socialist utopia, and with local industrialists who feared foreign competition. Vargas played on these various factions with a master hand and easily defeated the colorless candidate of the Social Democrats and the National Democratic Union's virtuous Brigadier Gomes.

People braced themselves for a new bout of dictatorship. The National Democratic Union almost fell apart. Only Lacerda's *Tribune of the Press*, with much greater influence than could be accounted for by its circulation, remained as a rallying ground for those opposed to totalitarian schemes. President Vargas, now a satisfied elderly man with an old benevolent smile on his face, only wanted an easy life. But his supporters were ravenous. They couldn't wait to fill their pockets. The lobbies of the presidential palace swarmed with influence peddlers and fixers, many of them gangsters and lowlives with police records. In the memory of man no one had seen such barefaced thievery as went on in Vargas' last administration.

Relentless Exposure

As scandal after scandal boiled to the surface, Carlos Lacerda made it his business to see that nobody forgot them. He was determined to stave off a dictatorship. After a second term as city councilor he was planning to run for the federal Chamber of Deputies.

He had discovered television. His face on the screen became a trade mark. The firm jaw, the clearcut nose between the dark shell rims of his glasses, through which glowing dark eyes burned into the consciousness of the audience, were unforgettable. Spoken, his editorials were even more effective than in the printed column.

In his afternoon paper Lacerda analyzed each new revelation. Evenings on TV he brought in facts and figures to back up his assertions. He drew charts of government malfeasance on a blackboard. It began to be reported that the men of Vargas' personal bodyguard were threatening to kill him if he didn't cease his attacks. Lacerda shared his scorn for these threats with his TV audience.

Supporters in the Air Force took turns accompanying him home at night. They wanted to be sure he had a witness in case there was an attempt on his life. None of them imagined anybody would be so reckless as to shoot at a uniformed officer.

The manifesto of a group of colonels had forced the resignation of Vargas' Minister of Labor. This was João Goulart, an attractive young landowner of great wealth reputed to be a crony of Perón's. The colonels accused him a planning a syndicalist republic, *peronista* style.

Not long after, Lacerda was slated to address a political meeting. That night it was the turn of Major Rubens Vaz to see that he got home safely. As Lacerda and Major Vaz climbed out of their car at Lacerda's front door somebody started shooting at them from across the street. Lacerda returned the fire. Major Vaz, who

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was unarmed, was killed. Lacerda was shot in the foot. The assailants escaped.

The press, the houses of Congress, the military clubs rang with denunciations of the crime. Demands for Vargas' resignation were heard on every hand. The old man was terribly shaken when one of his bodyguards confessed to the crime and when definite proof was placed on his desk that his own children were trading on his name in all sorts of financial deals. At a night meeting of his cabinet he spoke despairingly of "the sea of mud" under the presidential palace and consented, after much urging, if not to resign, at least to retire from the government. After the meeting the old man went up to his room and shot himself through the heart.

The Brazilians are a sentimental people. The dictator's suicide made him a national hero. Carlos Lacerda became known as the man who killed Vargas.

DURING PRESIDENT KUBITSCHEK'S regime, Carlos Lacerda served as the leader of the National Democratic Union in the Federal Congress. In 1958 he was re-elected to the Chamber of Deputies by a very large majority. Reform sentiment was strong. A fast-talking young man named Jânio Quadros, whose emblem was a new broom, was governor of São Paulo. In 1960 Quadros was elected President. João Goulart, who as Vargas' political heir headed the Labor Party, found himself, as the result of a series of deals, Vice President for the second time.

The same reform wave carried Carlos Lacerda into the governorship of Guanabara.

The preceding administration had been so taken up with Brasília that the beautiful old capital was left in the doldrums. The city kept growing. New quarters were springing up in every nook of the difficult terrain, hemmed in by the tooth-shaped peaks that form the beauty of its landscape. Transportation was in a snarl. A complete new highway system was needed. Water and electric power were insufficient. The telephone service was years behind the times. The sewers mostly dated from mid-nineteenth century when Rio was rated as having one of the best systems in the world. Even the handsomest residential quarters were flanked by hillside slums, the famous *favelas*. Almost a million people lived in shanty towns without policing or public services of any kind. The condition of Rio would have been a challenge to a man who had spent his life in public administration.

To the amazement of friend and foe Governor Lacerda, after a little preliminary fumbling, developed one of the most efficient administrations the city had ever seen. When the Alliance for Progress came along he eagerly took advantage of American money. He announced his administration's aim to "make Rio once more the Marvelous City."

It was at Jânio Quadros' suggestion that Carlos Lacerda had run for the governorship. Quadros' first administrative reforms as President had Lacerda's hearty approval. The Governor's plan was to keep pace in his local administration with the President's reform of the federal government.

The trouble that developed between the two arose because the problems Quadros had to meet at Brasília were much tougher than the problems he'd met in São Paulo. São Paulo had had for years the most competent administration in Brazil. There the new broom could be placed in the hands of men who knew how to use it.

In Brasília everything was chaotic. The capital city had been only recently inaugurated. More than half the government offices were still in Rio. Politicians, and particularly their wives and families, balked at exchanging the amenities of the old capital for the windswept immensities of bare red clay and the dust of the new city which stood like an unfinished world's fair on a hogback of the plateau five hundred miles inland. Quadros discovered that running a vast sprawling nation was a far more exacting task than acting the spellbinder as figurehead for that nation's best-organized state. Failure stared him in the face.

Lacerda now says that Jânio was a charlatan all along, that he lacked the inner cohesion needed to face adversity; but he can't help admitting that at the time of his inauguration, like millions of other Brazilians, he expected a miracle.

Unable to cope with the difficulties of the presidency, Quadros began to listen to advisers who brought up the parallel of Fidel Castro in Cuba. Castro wasn't plagued with a recalcitrant congress, with a faultfinding press or with powerful financial interests all tugging in different directions. Castro was having it all his own way. Instead of piecemeal reform, maybe Brazil needed a Castro-type revolution. Quadros' gift for swaying the crowd was equal to Fidel's. With dictatorial powers he could really begin to use his new broom.

Quadros wanted Lacerda's help in this half-formulated enterprise. Lacerda's answer was that Quadros had all the power he needed. He had the

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prestige. He had the backing of the whole population. What he must do was present an itemized program to Congress. Popular clamor would do the rest.

Gradually it dawned on Lacerda that Quadros had no program to offer. He wanted power first. The program could wait. The newspapers were full of the handsome reception being given to Fidel Castro's mission to Brazil.

Quadros was in Brasília. His wife, Dona Elvá, whom Lacerda speaks of as a really nice sensible woman, was in Rio. He went to see her and explained to her that he had to have a quiet talk with her husband. The answer was an invitation to dine that same night.

At the Brasília Airport Lacerda learned that President Quadros had just given the most important Brazilian decoration to "Che" Guevara.

Meeting With Quadros

Sensing that he was in for a rough time, Lacerda sent his secretary to engage a room at the hotel and proceeded to the palace. There he was met by what he described as "a sort of thing" who took his overnight case and showed him to a suite. The first sour note was that the President had already dined. Governor Lacerda dined alone.

Then President Quadros suddenly appeared, greeted Lacerda warmly and gave him a friendly hug. Lacerda immediately started to tell him of his doubts and suspicions. He asked for an explanation. He said he didn't want to go back to his days of wild attacks but he owed something to his voters and to the country. He explained that he couldn't go along with Jânio's pro-Castro foreign policy. Maybe he'd better resign as governor.

Quadros is a small man with a Charlie Chaplin mustache. Lacerda, who had always been on good terms with him, tried to kid him: Come now, he wasn't Charles de Gaulle!

"Let's go to the movies," said Jânio.

Seeing movies every night had become an obsession with him. The big hall in the palace was rigged up with a motion picture screen. There were tables piled with sausages and cold meats, bowls of popcorn, beer and whisky bottles. Quadros had the reputation of having a good head for liquor, but this time he was showing it.

The upshot of the evening was that the palace doorman appeared and handed Governor Lacerda his little black overnight case. The intimation was that he'd better go to the hotel.

Lacerda tells of the ride to the hotel as one of the worst moments of his life. He was oppressed by the vast loneliness of the unfinished city, the great buildings with nobody in them, the ghost town look. There was a Nazi atmosphere about the crazy scene at the palace, the incoherence, the drinking, the silly movie.

From his hotel room he called up one of the ministers he'd been talking to before. The man came to his room and they argued until four in the morning. Lacerda insisted that this sort of thing couldn't go on. It was the Stalin way of running a country. The minister told him the President said to go to hell.

Lacerda flew back to Rio next day. There followed a period of terrible indecision. He couldn't sleep nights. Then on August 26, the anniversary of Vargas' collapse, he made up his mind. That night he spoke to the nation over TV. He told the whole story of the trip to Brasília: "The man we elected doesn't want to be President, he wants to be dictator."

Next Day Jânio Quadros resigned. With his resignation he gave out a confused statement that hidden interests at home and abroad were sabotaging his program. He undoubtedly thought that a wave of popular outbursts would force the Congress to ask him to reconsider his resignation. There was no such outburst. A few months later Quadros' chief political opponent in his State of São Paulo, Adhemar de Barros, who is not lacking in humor, announced on his television program that he didn't know about the sinister domestic interests that had ruined Quadros' administration, but he could name the foreign interests. They were Haig & Haig, Teacher's, Johnny Walker and so forth.

Quadros' resignation left João Goulart, Vargas' political heir, the President of Brazil. All parties except the subsidized trade unions and the Communists were thrown into dismay. Congress, under the influence of the National Democratic Union, immediately started tinkering with the constitution. The President was shorn of his powers. The executive power was placed in the hands of a Prime Minister responsible to the Chamber of Deputies.

Between Quadros' resignation in the summer of '61 and the October elections of '62 a continuous tug-of-war went on between the leaders of the National Democratic Union who wanted ministerial government and the Labor Party men who demanded that full presidential powers be restored to their leaders. National administration stalled. No constructive legislation passed. Inflation went unchecked. The cost of living rose and rose. In spite of occasional hikes in

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the minimum wage, the middle classes were pinched and working people's families went hungry. In the hinterlands the unemployed starved. The left-wing press claimed that, having brought about Vargas' death, the reactionary governor of Guanabara had now deprived the country of the services of its most dedicated reformer. Some people have been called kingmakers. Lacerda was the destroyer of presidents.

The Minister's Amour Propre

When Lacerda went on the air and called Brochado da Rocha, the head of Goulart's cabinet, "the happy *vivandière*" of the regime, that hitherto rather colorless politician blew his top. He threatened to resign unless Lacerda were removed as Governor of Guanabara. He cried out passionately that he would not be able to look his children in the eye when he went home without some punishment of Lacerda. Not long after, in a reshuffling of the cabinet that brought it more in line with Goulart's ambitions, Brochado da Rocha was forced out. A few days later the poor man was taken with a cerebral hemorrhage and died.

The left-wing press attacked Lacerda as a murderer subsidized by American funds. Vargas, Quadros and now Brochado da Rocha. . .

In spite of the uproar among the left-wing newspapers the elections passed off in peace and quiet on October 7. The returns, like those in similar elections held in the United States a month later, could be interpreted almost any way you wanted them. Communists won and anti-Communists won. The forms of democracy were observed. There was no violence at the polls and even very little talk of corruption.

The number of candidates for office was everywhere staggering. In Rio, where the streets had been so festooned with election posters that you couldn't see the shop windows, something like seven hundred hopefuls contested fifty-seven seats in the state legislature. Something similar occurred in other large cities. This meant a scattering of the independent vote and an advantage to politicians with well-organized machines.

Lacerda's friends carried the Guanabara state legislature but lost the vice-governorship. This would mean difficulties for the Governor during the rest of his term. In Pernambuco, the northeastern state where such efforts had been made by the Catholic Church and by influences from the United States to undercut the peasant leagues, Miguel Arrais, the Communist-supported candidate, won the governorship by a small margin. His campaign was financed largely by Brazil's second richest man, an aluminum magnate from São Paulo named Ermírio de Moraes. Moraes himself, who took the precaution of hiring every taxicab in the state capital of Recife to carry his voters to the polls on election day, went to the federal Senate, and has been appointed Minister for Agriculture in Goulart's new cabinet. These developments were a severe blow to Washington's plans for the Alliance for Progress in South America.

However, in the key state of São Paulo the story was entirely different. Jânio Quadros tried for a political comeback and was roundly defeated by his old enemy, Adhemar de Barros, whose campaign was frankly directed against Communist and Castro influences. In João Goulart's home state of Rio Grande do Sul the voters made a clean sweep of his supporters.

The National Democratic Union came out badly. Kubitschek's chances for a return to the presidency in 1965 seemed improved. It is too early to say how much political prestige Lacerda lost. He has never been completely identified with party politics. This was not his first political reverse. At forty-eight he is reaching political maturity. He is learning to restrain some of the violence of his "Give me liberty or give me death" kind of oratory. The political grouping which he leads is strong on brains, if weak in numbers. He has learned to find words that common people can understand to explain the difference between ways of reorganizing society under freedom and the Communist or totalitarian way. Whatever the future holds, the Communists today consider him the most dangerous man in Brazil.

Letter from Hawaii

Aloha a La Sinistra

LAWRENCE V. COTT

After completing 22 circuits of the world, astronaut Gordon Cooper plopped down into the Pacific. Two days later he was flown to Honolulu, the nearest American city, and was taken for a ride.

A quarter of Hawaii's population lined the parade route to wave flags and to pelt the space hero with plumeria and ginger blossoms. After the parade Cooper was guest of honor at an exclusive garden party given by Hawaii's governor, Jack Burns, and among the guests Burns pressed upon Cooper was the most notorious identified Communist in Hawaii, Jack Hall, and Mrs. Hall, an identified Communist in her own right. Hall is the Hawaii boss of Harry Bridges' International Longshoremen's & Warehousemen's Union (ILWU).

Governor Burns has a record of currying favor with Hall and the ILWU. A former Honolulu policeman (he headed the vice squad during part of the *Revolt of Mamie Stover* period), Burns left the force in postwar years to invigorate the Democratic Party, which seemed never to fatten on New and Fair Deal patronage. He startled many Democrats in 1948 when he invited "labor"—he meant the ILWU, with its known Communists, including Hall—into the Democratic Party, vitiating much of the anti-Communist crusade then waged by Democratic Governor Ingram Stainback. The Communists ganged up and tried to seize control of the Democratic machinery. Burns was surprised, finally fought back, and he went so far as to try to take over the ILWU. He failed, and Burns and Hall didn't speak for years.

A peace accord was struck in 1954: Burns discovered that "the ILWU

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[had] brought democracy to Hawaii" and, simultaneously, the Communist newspaper discovered wonderful qualities in "the new Burns." Burns chose to ignore Hall's Communist record and carried on a mutual admiration dialogue with the ILWU despite congressional investigations, reports by Hawaii's own Commission on Subversive Activities, and a Smith Act trial (Hall and six other Communist leaders were convicted, but on appeal it was ruled their conspiracy wasn't illegal).

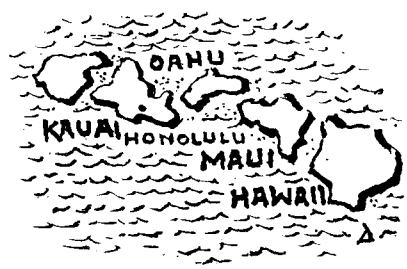
Since his inauguration last December there have been more disturbing signs of a Burns *apertura a sinistra.* One instrument he is employing is Edward Rohrbough, a fellow traveler of impressive credentials, who was unveiled two weeks after election as Burns' campaign factotum, confidant, and "biographer." A West Virginian by birth, Rohrbough served in China with OWI, stayed after the war to serve with, and write laudatory articles about, the Communist Chinese Fourth Field Army. Later Rohrbough wrote for two U.S. Communist publications, was affiliated with two Communist fronts, and sailed for Hawaii in 1948 to work on the Communist weekly in Honolulu. Ten years later Rohrbough owned 87 per cent of the paper. When questioned by the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee in 1956 he invoked the Fifth Amendment. Rohrbough was named to a minor clerk's post in the 1963 Hawaii House of Representatives and has just been given a $155-a-week job wrestling with solutions to the parking problem around state office buildings.

Legislature Yields

Hawaii's Legislature finished a frenzied session in May, passing several bills antagonistic to business, raising legislators' pensions 500 per cent, and generally yielding to suasion or threats of a dozen ILWU lobbyists. ILWU influence is strong. The chairman of the House Labor Committee *is* an ILWU business agent; the chairman of the Senate Labor Committee an ILWU attorney. Half of the state senators and two-thirds of the representatives received ILWU political endorsement during the campaign—and they vote accordingly. Some legislators from outlying islands deeply resent this pressure, but their rural constituencies are heavily ILWU.

Burns signed into law a bill the ILWU had pushed for many years. The new law puts a five-year limit on disclosure of subversive activities by state job applicants, instead of the old no-limit provision, and means, in practice, that Burns can place his own men on the various state boards and commissions. The ILWU, for instance, wants one man on every police commission in each of the four counties.

A campaign is underway to destroy the one official agency blocking efforts to infiltrate the state government—the quietly efficient Commission on Subversive Activities. A nonpolitical investigative agency which checks government personnel and issues factual reports, the Commission recently came under heavy attack by U. S. Senator Daniel K. Inouye, a war hero and Hawaii's most popular politician. Inouye lambasted the Commission, insisting that various



ILWU resolutions—on Cuba, Red China, nuclear testing, etc.—weren't necessarily Party line. His attack came only a month after he had been bawled out publicly by Jack Hall for being so "horribly conservative." (Inouye has a 100 per cent ADA rating, a 0 per cent ACA rating!) The Legislature this year slashed the Commission's funds in an "economy" move and fired its only investigator. (The Commission's investigator went off the state payroll; Ed Rohrbough went on.)

Rohrbough's leaf-raking job is not in itself a threat to the state (except to the head of the Commission on Subversive Activities, who may be looking for a new parking place), but he does symbolize the governor's lofty dismissal of the public record and brings the whole loyalty-security program into question.

Burns assures citizens he will "not hesitate to initiate an investigation into the background of any government employee when there is reasonable cause to question his loyalty." Rohrbough's loyalty? Unquestionable! "I know him," Burns wrote a few months ago, "to be as understanding of and devoted to American principles and ideals as anyone of my acquaintance." Who, now, will challenge the Governor's Boswell?

Kowtow to Hall

Governor Burns and a few others in Hawaii are also engaged in a rehabilitation job on Jack Hall. No one doubts Hall's power, but his image needs scrubbing. Hall can shut off Hawaiian commerce by closing the piers, or he can selectively harass the basic sugar and pineapple industries, construction, major auto distributors, box and can factories, a supermarket chain and two score other firms from bakeries (80 per cent of Honolulu's bread) to a junkyard.

Hall's history is well-known, but disregarded. He came to Hawaii in 1935, worked on a Communist newspaper, eased into labor organizing, and became Bridges' chief aide and a member of the executive board of the Communist Party. He probably resigned from the CP because of Taft-Hartley complications, but his present position is evidence that he enjoys Bridges' confidence.

Hall's prestige is high at the moment. In addition to the Cooper reception, Governor Burns has named him to his Maritime Advisory Committee, and the Hawaii Visitors Bureau made him an honorary "general" in its fund drive. He was invited to a reception for the new president of the University of Hawaii, while some top educators were snubbed. In all these cases the identified Communist, Hall, has been honored—with the excuse you can't ignore labor—while the elected non-Communist figurehead president of the Hawaii ILWU (who knows his name?) has been ignored.

The wreckage left behind by the 1963 Legislature, the Ed Rohrbough Protective Association, the respectability tendered Jack Hall in a dozen ways, are unmistakable signs Hawaii can expect further swelling of ILWU power and infiltration of government by identified Communists and fellow travelers.

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The Third World War

Mr. Kennedy Goes to War

JAMES BURNHAM

CHARTER OF THE UNITED NATIONS. *Chapter I, Article 1:* "To maintain international peace and security. . ."

Nothing in our time has more grossly exposed the hypocrisy of all the pious cant about peace than the Holy War that has been launched against Portugal, Southern Rhodesia and the Republic of South Africa. Not one Western leader had the guts to utter even the mildest rebuke when this anti-white jehad was openly proclaimed at the Addis Ababa conference of African nations two months ago. It goes without saying that the Communist spokesmen have applauded *à outrance*.

Burnham

Nor was that proclamation the usual sort of empty bombast that the African demagogues go in for. It has been followed by swift and mounting actions. In rude contempt of charter provisions and parliamentary rules, the Africans prevented the International Labor Organization from conducting business while South African delegates were present, and got UNESCO's international conference on education to exclude both Portugal and South Africa. Well-blooded in these first two successful maneuvers within United Nations subsidiaries, they are now preparing for the United Nations General Assembly session in September.

One after another the African countries are breaking off diplomatic relations (which, in truth, in many cases have never existed—but the Africans like what they take to be grown-up gestures) with Portugal and South Africa, expelling their citizens who happen to be on hand, forbidding their planes access to airports, and so on.

These polwar moves are subordinate and preliminary. A Committee of Liberation (these bloody massacres are always "liberation," of course, when they come from the Left) is actively functioning, and has already received sizable sums of money (ultimately derived from U.S. foreign aid payments), along with arms and other military equipment, from several of the nations. Arms, money and agents are flowing in from East European sources. Uganda's offer of training grounds has been accepted. Guerrillas are being processed in Tunisia and Algeria.

In the ex-Belgian Congo no less than six organizations of Angolan rebels have been given hospitality, facilities and a free hand by the government of Cyrille Adoula and the UN occupation force. One of these—the Angolan National Liberation Front, led by Holden Roberto—recently declared itself to be the Angolan government-in-exile and was promptly so recognized by Adoula.

Marching as to War

In the July 1 independence day parade in Léopoldville, three hundred of Roberto's troops (*i.e.*, terrorists), uniformed and armed, were in the line of march. Roberto has two large camp areas, near the Angolan border, as training sites. He has already assembled large quantities of equipment—Czech arms, all sorts of supplies that find their way from the dwindling UN units, materiel siphoned through the Congolese army, a growing amount of U.S. hardware.

Holden Roberto's chief rival is Mario de Andrade, who leads the "Popular Movement for the Liberation of Angola." He, also, has guerrilla forces in active training.

Thus do these infant pseudo-nations — illiterate, half-savage, unable to manage their own disintegrating affairs, kept from bankruptcy only by the subsidies of the Western powers—set out to destroy the orderly regimes of the southern sector of the continent, to massacre hundreds of thousands of the inhabitants, and, after wrecking law, order and economic life, to establish black racist rule over a permanent shambles.

What is utterly fantastic in all of this is the attitude of the Western nations. Not only do they do nothing to stop this war—which will be an unspeakably ferocious affair before it is finished; they don't even speak against it. They join the Communists and the demagogues in bleating about the immorality of apartheid and colonialism; they beat their breasts and sometimes shamefacedly abstain on the most absurd of the resolutions.

Our Man in Angola

And the conduct of the government of the United States is still more fantastic than that. For—as everyone in central Africa knows — the United States is actively supporting Holden Roberto, late an honored visitor to our shores. This support—political, financial, technical, para-military — is channeled through the Adoula government, which is and always has been entirely dependent on U.S. money and support. But this year Washington has gone much beyond mere passive consent.

The ideologues of the Kennedy Administration provide the standard rationale. The U.S. must sail in the vanguard before the winds of change. Portuguese Africa is gone anyway (and all southern Africa tomorrow). Andrade is tied up with the Communists and most extreme African leftists, both Arab and Negro. We've got to back Holden Roberto, who doesn't seem *quite* so bad, and try to get him into the ground floor. (Ally? NATO? International law? Treaties? Don't interrupt! Ideologues at work on Grand Strategic Stages of Growth!) So, gentlemen of the CIA, get in there fustest with the mostest!

Put the same thing a little differently: Anything, anything at all, not to experience that guilty feeling under a tongue lashing from all those UN moralists, the Conscience of Mankind! Quit in Cuba, lest they brand us aggressors! Move forward with Roberto to breakfast on Angolans, lest they brand us, this time, as non-aggressors!

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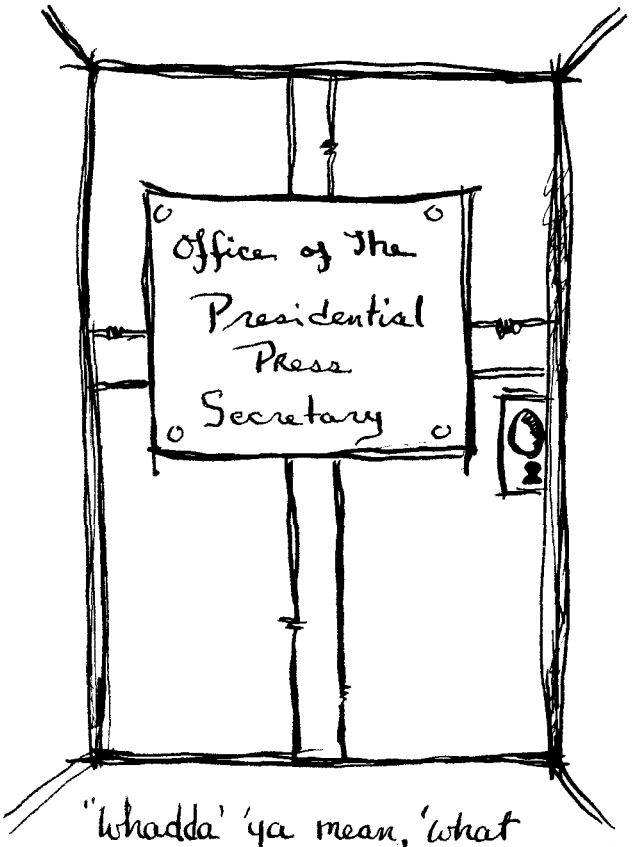
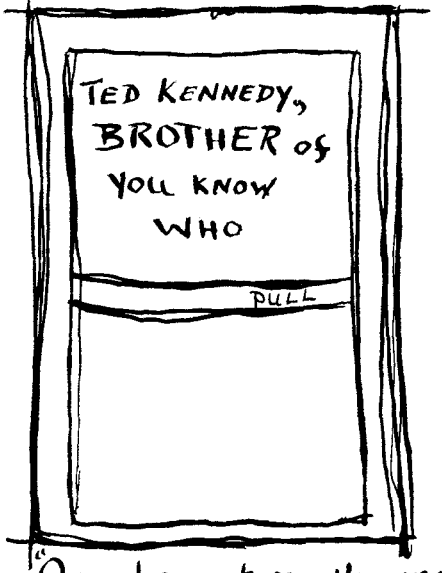
Behind Closed Doors—

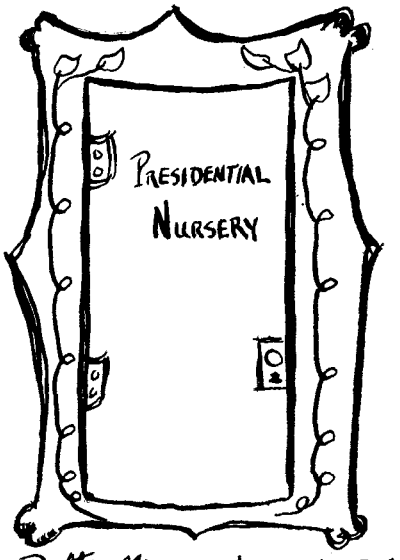


"Whadda' 'ya mean, 'what they don't know won't hurt them?"

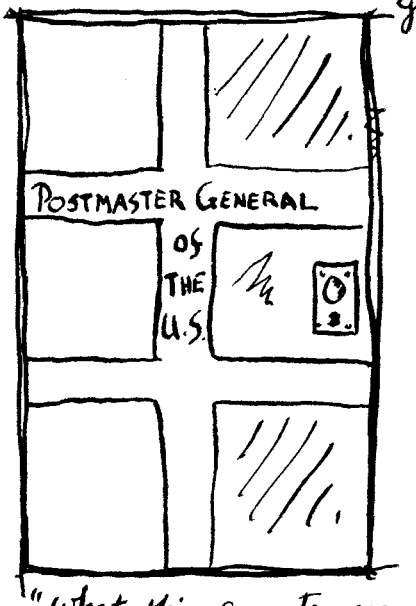


"Operator, get me the man who paints the office Doors!"

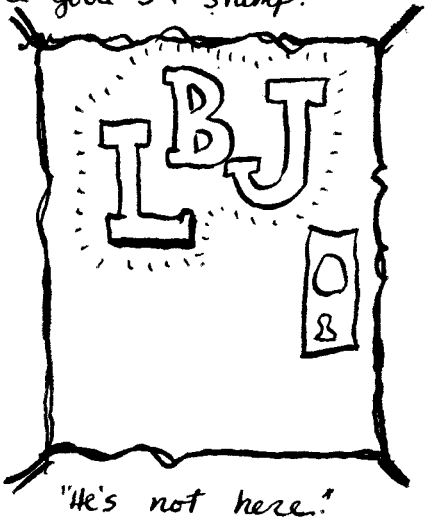
Victor Miller



"No! The Botticelli goes there—the Pollock goes here!"



"What this country needs is a good 5¢ stamp!"



"He's not here."

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Religion

Religion and Public Life

WILL HERBERG

With its decisions in the *Engel* case last year and the *Schempp* and *Murray* cases just a few weeks ago, the United States Supreme Court has precipitated the problem of religious symbols and ceremonies in public life into a compelling issue of public policy. I hope to deal with some of the constitutional and political aspects of this problem in a later article. For the present, I want to address myself to a point that seems to me to need more careful consideration than it has received, since it touches the theological evaluation of these Supreme Court decisions and the trend they represent.

Herberg

Every newspaper reader will remember, perhaps to his bewilderment, that the Supreme Court actions outlawing the New York State Regents' prayer a year ago, and enjoining Bible readings and the Lord's Prayer in public schools earlier this year, were greeted with approval by a considerable number of Protestant theologians, and by some Catholic publicists, mostly laymen. These were men of acute mind and deep religious faith, men I know and respect. Yet they welcomed the "separationist" decisions of the Supreme Court, and, in effect, asked for more. What was their argument? What *is* their argument?—for they are still pressing it in resolutions, articles, and books. . .

Their argument, brushing aside certain irrelevancies, is essentially a *religious* one. Whatever may have been the case some centuries ago, they say, religious symbols and ceremonies in public life today, considering the advance of secularism in our culture, are becoming a mockery, a travesty of religion, a superficial routinization that, in its tendency to trivialize faith, is worse than an honest and outright secularism. Let the movement toward the "de-religionization" of our public life, so powerfully promoted by the recent Supreme Court decisions, go on, they say, and go on to the bitter end. Then, perhaps, the real religious situation in this country will become apparent; and seriously concerned men and women will turn in the only direction in which a renascence of authentic faith could be expected—to the home and the church.

A Higher Majesty

There is some truth in this argument. After all, what can the routine repetition of a prayer mean in the religious life of a child when all the rest of what goes on in school is so utterly religionless? Is not the child more likely to receive an impression of the marginal place of religion in life than of its central importance? Perhaps. But the argument of these religious advocates of a public secularism remains profoundly and dangerously wrong; for, as we should understand from our theological and political traditions, a society, and the state through which it is organized politically, remain "legitimate," "righteous" and "lawful" *only insofar as they recognize a higher majesty beyond themselves,* limiting and judging their pretensions. Once the state forgets or denies this, once it sets itself up as its own highest majesty, beyond which there is nothing, it becomes *totalitarian:* in effect, it divinizes itself, and thereby ceases to be a "legitimate" state in the theological understanding of the term. Therefore the "established order"—the state, above all—ought to include within itself signs, symbols, and ceremonials constantly reminding itself and the people that it *is* subject to a majesty beyond all earthly majesties. That is the indispensable function of religious symbols and ceremonials in public life, one that no responsible theologian, however resentful he may be of trivialization and superficiality in religion, can afford to forget.

Children in American schools, public and private, generally salute the flag every school day, and pledge their allegiance to the United States. This pledge now includes the Lincolnian phrase, "this nation, *under God*"; and the child who takes this pledge of allegiance, if he is encouraged to pay attention to what he is saying, will know that the American state and nation are not absolute; that they stand under the scrutiny and judgment of a higher power. With this phrase "under God" removed, as it might well be removed by a sequential Supreme Court decision pursuing the "separationist" line, the child repeating the pledge of allegiance every day at school would have no reminder of a majesty beyond all earthly majesties, and would naturally be prone to see the state and nation as the supreme reality demanding his highest allegiance. The Founding Fathers, whether "conservative" or "radical," well understood this principle as the presupposition of our constitutional system. "Before any man can be considered a member of civil society," James Madison once declared, "he must be considered a subject of the Governor of the universe." It is to remind us, and especially the rising generation, that we are, first and foremost, "subjects of the Governor of the universe," that we need religious symbols and ceremonials in public life.

The Protestant theologians who applaud the Supreme Court decision, and even want to go beyond, seem for the most part to have overlooked the consequences of the "de-religionizing" movement for our political order, a political order which makes no sense except in terms of a higher majesty, a higher allegiance, and a higher law. This appears to be a failure of responsibility. And it is a failure of responsibility not unconnected with a deficient understanding of the religious task in America today, pursuing, as it does, a kind of "back to the catacombs" outlook. But of this, as of the constitutional aspects of the Supreme Court decisions, I hope to write at greater length at a later time.

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

A Note on Aeschylus

The purpose of humane letters is to teach us what it is to be a man. Our civilization, these many centuries, has learnt the norms of the human condition, in its greatness and its misery, from the Bible and from Greek drama. Both sources of normative knowledge are neglected nowadays. As religious observance has declined into "the ethos of sociability," so the Christian teaching that once dominated the schools is now positively forbidden in the classroom. And the glory that was Greece had begun to trickle away from us even before President Eliot, of the Five-Foot Shelf, informed Harvard that translations were quite good enough for such busy folk as we.

Kirk

Today, when almost no one can read Greek, it is sufficiently difficult to find surviving translators of high talent. So I do commend to you a recent paperback rendering of Aeschylus, *The Orestes Plays of Aeschylus* (Mentor Books), by Mr. Paul Roche. Here we have *The Agamemnon, The Libation Bearers,* and *The Eumenides* done into English in the fashion of Aeschylus himself.

The Modern Temper

Mr. Roche, poet, novelist, and wanderer, is an Englishman long familiar with America, still young and undaunted. Almost the latest time I heard from him, Paul Roche and his wife were full of life in a forgotten Mexican village, where he had just delivered Vanessa of a new baby with his own hands, for lack of a midwife.

Paul Roche is not attuned to the modern temper, praise be. "We are at once too clever and too simple," he writes in his introduction to Aeschylus, "putting immense faith in our statistics and our abstruse planning, and forgetting that systems can rinse away three quarters of reality. There are many things we need to be reminded of: that fullness of knowledge reveals itself not so much to the dispassionate intellect as to the whole sentient self; that it is not a worship of uniformity and static patterns that makes a man, but individuality and difference; that the prize of an integral personality is not won through trying to be normal but by a passionate grasping of life at the heights, where the very danger of our aspirations should become the bedrock of our humility. These may not be the most obvious lessons to take away from Greek tragedy, but they are there, as well as others more fundamental. At the bottom of everything lies the conviction that we are beholden to some higher purpose and power, some inescapable principle outside ourselves."

The commitment to Christian doctrine which runs through Mr. Roche's novels and poems, far from diminishing his appreciation of the dramatists of the fifth century of the classical era, enables him to understand "that religion which has existed since the beginning of the world, but is now called Christianity"—and also to perceive that there is more to Greek tragedy than simple catharsis. Take this passage from his introduction:

> The theme of all tragedy is the sadness of life and the universality of evil. The inference the Greeks drew from this was *not* that life was not worth living, but that because it was worth living the obstacles to it were worth overcoming. Tragedy is the story of our existence trying to rear its head above the general shambles. The worst and final temptation, no less for us than for an Athenian of the fifth century B.C., is to stop the fight and slide into inactivity of heart and will. . . . Behind everything, like a luminous measurement to human values, and as the criterion of all ethical sanctions, is the felt presence of a celestial order. In the highest and finest reaches of Greek culture—as in the unreasoned conviction of our own instinct—the beauty of the human lies in its proximity to the divine.

Aeschylus, the champion of a moral order divinely ordained, at the same time was a bold innovator. The triumph of the chastened Orestes over the Fates, through submission to the divine will, has more meaning for us in this time of terror than has the whole output of our university presses. Aeschylus is a prophet, though without the Hebrew tradition: he alters profoundly man's knowledge of God. The Zeus of Hesiod was pitiless:

> Zeus rules the world, and with resistless sway
> Takes back tomorrow what he grants today.

But in *The Agamemnon,* Aeschylus penetrates to the justice and mercy in the divine nature:

> He leads us on the way of wisdom's
> Everlasting law that truth
> Is only learnt by suffering it.
> Ah! In sleep the pain distills,
> Bleeding on the memory,
> And makes us wise against our wills:
> God's grace by solemn force.

The Poet As Pioneer

Mr. Roche is made wise by Aeschylus and the suffering of truth. "I believe that pitted against some of the cleverest of us he, Aeschylus, would be found a pioneer still. What modern legislator dares to give so downright an assent to the fundamental concept of good government—maximum *liberty* consonant with order—as Aeschylus does in *The Eumenides* when he has Athena wish for something between authority and anarchy for her people? And how many psychologists and psychiatrists of the last seventy years have been so refreshingly realistic as to say: 'Don't try to do away with fear altogether. Keep it in its right proportions: for what human being was ever good who had no fear?' "

It was a celebrated demagogue who declared emptily, "We have nothing to fear but fear itself." In this, as in much else, Paul Roche appeals from Cleon to Aeschylus.

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The Arrows of Cleverdom

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

To the experienced literary augur a book written by an expatriate Indian who works for the *New Yorker*, and subtitled "Encounters with British Intellectuals," must seem ominous indeed. Are the omens fulfilled? At first glance, perhaps not; Mr. Mehta has a lucid style and makes a great show of modesty and impartiality. To the augur's eye, however, small things are significant. Straightaway, for instance, Mr. Mehta tells us that the *Guardian* (a Liberal and rather priggish sheet) is his favorite newspaper: the *Sunday Express*, on the other hand, he despises, but in a characteristically vicarious way ("Most educated Englishmen consider it a rag."). He quotes the socialist *New Statesman* as evidence of what "the public at large" thinks, and speaks of "phrases ringing out" from the left-wing *Observer*.

"Intelligent Oxford," says Mr. Mehta, recalling his undergraduate days, "was Left Wing"; which, of course, depends on what you mean by "intelligent" and who your friends were. When he speaks of "socially concerned undergraduates," he means undergraduates with leftist opinions. He uses the names of Marx, Freud and Darwin as epithets of unquestioned praise, nor does it even occur to him that anyone might disapprove of Professor Popper's celebrated (and in my view largely deplorable) work, *The Open Society and Its Enemies*. A historian with mildly old-fashioned ideas is described as "jarringly out of tune with the temper of the times." When someone suggests that Namier was an imperialist, Mr. Mehta is shocked and baffled ("'An imperialist!' I exclaimed.").

Fly and the Fly-bottle, by Ved Mehta. Atlantic-Little, Brown, $4.95

The naiveté of that exclamation mark quite often obtrudes through the apparent sophistication of Mr. Mehta's prose. When A. J. P. Taylor says he was happier "in noisy, industrial Manchester" than at Oxford, Mr. Mehta finds it necessary to explain that "the ordinary attitude, of course, would have been the reverse." Herbert Butterfield's maid, he says, "was as formal as Butterfield was informal." How, I wonder, did Mr. Mehta expect her to behave? Like Hazel in the television series? Most naive of all is his surprise about modern philosophers: "Instead of age and quiet wisdom, they had youth and energy and anger."

His exploration of Oxford philosophy (which is a synonym for the prevailing Anglo-American kind) was provoked by the controversy over Ernest Gellner's book, *Words and Things*. Gellner has been ostracized from the philosophic community for daring to suggest that modern philosophers are bogged down in petty linguistic analysis instead of addressing themselves to the "great issues" which are their traditional and proper concern.

WITTGENSTEIN was the canonized prophet of linguistic philosophy. Its aim, he said, was "to show the fly the way out of the fly-bottle." Ayer and Ryle are now probably its most influential exponents, teaching that traditional philosophic problems were simply caused by "bad grammar" (that is, by semantic confusion) and that talk about "the soul" is like a savage saying there must be "a ghost in the machine." Richard Hare, the leading moral philosopher of this school, would not presume to teach morals, merely logical thinking about moral questions.

The extreme sterility of this approach, Mr. Mehta tells us, has been modified lately. I hope so, but I doubt it. The Oxford philosophers have always denied what was obvious to everyone else: that they formed an exclusive school, that they were merely linguists and that, as Mr. Mehta puts it, they "talk chiefly to each other—and, in cases like Wittgenstein's, to themselves."

AFTER recording brief interviews with a lot of philosophers, Mr. Mehta moves on to the historians and has brief interviews with a lot of them. The result is a conspectus of academic persons, not uninteresting, and to readers who know nothing about them doubtless quite instructive: but as a discussion of issues, or even as an exposition of points of view, the method is treacherously superficial. And it is the big controversies, over the nature of philosophy and the purpose of historical studies, which provide the substance of the interviews. The consequent impression, perhaps not unjust, is one of bitter *odium academicum* with precious little wisdom to justify it.

Mr. Mehta seems unaware of this effect. He treats his interviewees with uncritical reverence. It is absurd for him to say that A. J. P. Taylor is "if anything, more illustrious than Toynbee." Toynbee annoyed the strict academics by the sweeping, and perhaps inaccurate, nature of his grand vision: Taylor is too mischievous to be intellectually respectable at all, except on his own special subject. Trevor-Roper's attack on Taylor's book, *The Origins of the Second World War*, was not, as Mr. Mehta seems to think, daring: it was a volley at a sitting bird.

Perhaps Mr. Mehta finds Taylor's radical opinions congenial: perhaps he is simply blind to them. He certainly gives little indication of the extent to which *The Origins of the Second World War* has, and was probably intended to have, an anti-Ger-

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man, pro-Soviet moral. Nor, when describing his own tutor, the sixteenth- and seventeenth-century historian, Christopher Hill, does he think it relevant to mention that Hill is a Marxist who sometimes writes for the *Daily Worker*.

The basic distortion, however, is simply a huge overestimate of the importance of these intellectuals. Their parochial squabbles become epic struggles. Mr. Mehta talks as though the whole of Britain were watching them with bated breath. (Who would Trevor-Roper attack next? "Everybody was guessing, some people with a greater degree of apprehension than others.") The atmosphere is desperately claustrophobic; like a fly-bottle, indeed—whatever a fly-bottle may be. Philistine readers will find themselves wanting to smash the glass and let in some fresh air. In one of his few memorable phrases, Mr. Mehta refers to "the arrows of cleverdom." It is an exact, if unkind, description of his own equipment.

Ma Perkins in Rome

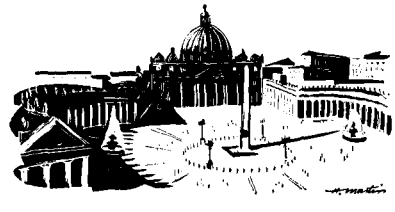
GARRY WILLS

FANS OF Morris West, the Catholic answer to Lloyd Douglas in the field of religious soap opera, can tune in with confidence, knowing they will get more of the same. *The Devil's Advocate* had a Worldly and Wise Monsignor, investigating a candidate for canonization, who finds his dusty life unsettled by this involvement in the history of a scandalous saint. *Daughter of Silence* had a Worldly and Wise Psychiatrist who gets involved in a murder scandal and finds himself rejuvenated by this contact with Real Life. The new (?) work has a Wordly and Wise Cardinal (Rinaldi), ready to retire, who involves himself in the election of a scandalous saint (Kiril) as Pope, and helps a scandalous theologian (Télémond) die with dignity under the stones of the Holy Office. There are the usual irrelevant characters (a journalist with "elegant legs" who types "vividly, precisely, professionally"; a loose woman in process of reform; a homosexual Italian minister), whose job it is to add Sex to Religion. Connoisseurs of West's original style, who remember the old man in *Daughter of Silence* who endearingly tossed his white mane before saying anything, will be happy to learn that Cardinal Leone, "he of the lion's white mane," invariably tosses this appendage before delivering a sentence. And there is a new joy in store for them: Pope Kiril "spreads his crooked hands and says" whatever he says in this book. Apparently El Greco has made crooked hands a sign of spirituality.

The Shoes of the Fisherman, by Morris L. West. Morrow, $4.95

If there is any change in the formula, it is only a development of lines already drawn—as in the increasing emphasis on reportorial detail, delivered by the Journalist as Insider. The first book rested heavily on the information West could supply about the canonization process. In the second book, the crime reporter totally replaced the novelist. The story of "Anna Albertini" was, in fact, that of a girl named Alfa Giubelli, who was tried in Crevacuore in 1957. It is difficult to guess whether West wrote *Time*'s melodramatic account of this trial, or simply took the choice and emphasis of details from some unacknowledged co-author. At any rate, he was given a story, and the chance to pad it with Perry Mason discussions of Italian legal procedure, along with disquisitions on the odd brand of psychiatry practiced by that novel's Worldly and Wise One.

The new book is a reporter's push-over. West—who was the *Daily Mail*'s Vatican correspondent—tells us how Popes are elected (the "white smoke, black smoke" routine); he translates Latin tags (Mr. West was a Christian Brother for twelve years, and he likes to write things like "*Accepto*, I accept"—including the translation in the dialogue, a thing that would considerably have simplified the last session of the Vatican Council); and, once he has elected his mouthpiece Pope, he delivers through him his opinions on all the Church's problems —stodgy theologians (Télémond is a French Jesuit paleontologist whose book, *The Progress of Man*, is under fire from the ecclesiastical dinosaurs); Latin in the seminaries (translate the works of all the Church Fathers into all the vernaculars, then jettison Latin); thalidomide-type crises (open the nunneries to unwanted babies); Spain's Opus Dei (*destroy it tactfully*); and—most persistently and pretentiously—the Cold War.



His solution to the last problem is very simple: elect a Russian Pope who was smuggled out of a Communist concentration camp by a torturer who admired him; wait for the torturer to become Premier of Russia; open a secret correspondence between the old friends and sunflower-lovers; have the Pope act as go-between with the President of the United States (called "Robert" in the "sunflower letters" that pass between the two K's, Pope Kiril and Premier Kamenev). Now, there; simple, wasn't it? Why didn't Dag Hammarskjold think of something so obvious? In case you don't get a point put so subtly, the author supplies you with the crest of Pope Kiril, reproduced frequently in and around the book, and given an elaborate exegesis in the text: Motto? "Out of the East [nudge, nudge], Light." Heraldic figures? Bear [wink] rampant, and Dove [kick under the table] with olive branch in its beak.

A FAIRY tale? Not in Mr. West's eyes. After all, Kiril, who is presented as John XXIII's successor, was imprisoned "in the bad time in Russia" ("There was much torture, much cruelty"). But now Kiril feels that the Premier wants "to preserve what he has already won of good for the people." Nor is it necessary for the Premier to be an old buddy from concentration-camp days; Kiril reflects that "*all* men who arrive at authority have certain attitudes in

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common" that serve as a basis for mutual understanding. At one point he even says of Kamenev that "having thrust himself up so high, he has begun to breathe a freer air." As Acton remarked, power purifies. And so it turns out: the Premier and the President both want peace, but the Presidium and the Parties will not let them act for it. The President feels embarrassed by Quemoy and Matsu, but those who have not been given the "freer air" of power will not let him get rid of them.

This is familiar stuff. The Great Man must slough off the moldy traditions, the popular superstitions, the blindness of the masses—Stalinism and the terror, isolationism and Congress—take history in his hands, and remake the world. But resort to the Great Man solution is always a counsel of desperation, and marks the breakdown of political responsibility. It is the dream of Roosevelt at Yalta, Eisenhower at Geneva, Kennedy at Paris. One person will dispel the false obstacles of history and ideology by impressing another person (Kamenev writes of the President, "In a personal dealing I could trust him").

THE STORY is so crude that one wonders how even the Journalist as Insider could have got *so far* inside the modern delusions. The answer is that West is not responding, in the first place, to political ideas, or what pass for these. His Kiril is the descendant of the romantic saint in *The Devil's Advocate*—the kind of saint who fills the daydreams of adolescent Catholics after the nuns and priests have been trying to recruit them for the religious houses. Kiril is such a daydream, fit only to fill the dull stretches of Latin class. Consider: on the night of his coronation, Kiril goes out to wander the streets incognito (no one notices a muffled cleric slipping out of the Papal chambers). He reveals himself, Prince among the Paupers, with a dramatic flourish: "And all of you, tell your friends that you have seen me and that I didn't even have enough money for coffee." Then he ministers at the deathbed of a man with a contagious disease. Then he takes a walk with a disillusioned young woman, who drives him home and gives him coffee (you remember her, Risë Stevens to Bing Crosby's Father O'Malley), and through the young woman, he gets interested in a controversy over infanticide (you remember this, in what's-his-name's *The Cardinal*).

Purest Latin-class. Dress it up with a spurious actuality caused by name-almost-dropping (Télémond-Teilhard, Gonfalone-Confalonieri, Ragambwe-Rugambwa); give it the gossipy charm of a *roman à clef*, with the key never far to seek—Cardinals Leone (Ottaviani), Potocki (Wyzsynski), Cardin (Spellman), Pollenberg (Doepfner), etc.; give the main character a touch of Agagianian and Slipyi; break out periodically in meditations on the Pope's duties ("The Papacy is the most paradoxical office on earth"); disguise its naiveté as sanctity, and how can you miss? The method leads to inconsistencies (who expects anything else?)—the

Random Notes

● MOVIES: The Muscovite Commissar of Film declines to show *The Longest Day* at his Festival this summer, because a war movie which doesn't show Russian troops is not "suitable" for Soviet audiences. . . . Billy Wilder announces *The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes* with Peter O'Toole as Holmes and Peter Sellers as Watson. Wilder will produce and direct. . . . Among the horrors shown in *Mondo Cane*, an Italian movie about inhumanity, one can see those monsters the Liberals love to frighten themselves with, mutations in animals, supposedly caused by the Bikini tests in 1946. The Atomic Energy Commission, however, says that "no member of the staff has ever observed any of the conditions observed by the Italian film," that the sequences do not depict either Bikini or Eniwetok, and that the shots are fraudulent. . . . To dress Frank Sinatra for *Four for Texas*, Warner Bros.' new epic about the pasturage of cows, Miss Norma Koch has designed hand-woven silks, brocades, and woolens to be made into "a tuxedo with short tails," a sports jacket, a cape, and other habiliments. Jewelers labor over a diamond doodad as an alternative to "a flower in his lapel." Sheen on the cows by Breck.

● BOOKS: *The Pooh Perplex: A Freshman Casebook* (Dutton), in which Marxists, Freudians and New Critics are turned loose on Christopher Robin and Winnie, is a parody by Frederick C. Crews of the rash of pre-chewed homework pamphlets which have been a featured gimmick in colleges for years now. . . . Francis Steegmuller has completed *Apollinaire: Poet Among the Painters*, a biography of one of the most interesting and flamboyant writers of our time. To be published by Farrar. . . . Out in September: Bernard Frechtman's translation of Jean-Paul Sartre's 700-page study of the criminal novelist and playwright Jean Genet, *Saint Genet: Actor and Martyr* (Braziller, $8.50). The book is now thirteen years old (the publishers neglect to say) and therefore does not comment on the plays best known in the U.S., but is nevertheless a remarkable study. . . . Stephen Spender's *The Struggle of the Modern* (Univ. of California Press, $5.00) offers a sharp criticism of C. P. Snow's "two cultures"; and autumn will see a second edition of *The Two Cultures and the Scientific Revolution* "with relevant criticisms" appended, "and Sir Charles's challenging replies." (Cambridge, $1.95). . . . Harvard has published two more volumes of *The Adams Papers—The Adams Family Correspondence 1761-1778*, the large portion being the letters of John Adams. *The Diary and Autobiography of John Adams* were published in 1961, in four volumes.

● DEPT. OF CALIBRATION: Under the rubric "Norman Mailer, Boy Lecturer," *Variety* says that there is in the air "a hint that he is almost, not quite, a cult."

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law that Power Purifies is obviously suspended for monsters like Ottaviani; some remarks about Pius XII's centralized reign and the Pacelli-Spellman alliance make it seem that Kiril's predecessor was obdurate to those influences that make Kamenev a softy for references to sunflowers. Furthermore, West has a distressing habit of telling us that so-and-so dropped a witty remark, and then dropping it; of telling us that Télémond preached a profound sermon, and then printing it; of letting us look at the embarrassingly pretentious diaries of his "saint." He should learn not to tell his audience where to laugh and where to weep; but perhaps they are so well-trained by now that, as in a radio studio, they respond on signal.

For, ultimately, West is of the Ma Perkins school of radio—the magic meddler who straightens out everyone's life during the long stretches of the housewife's equivalent of Latin class. The book ends in this noble tradition. Kiril has seen that he must go on with his program of confidence and night-ambles through Rome. He turns his face toward new schemes that have been attacked in the book. Continued in the next. Organ. Commercial. Out of the East, Lux.

Tribune of the People

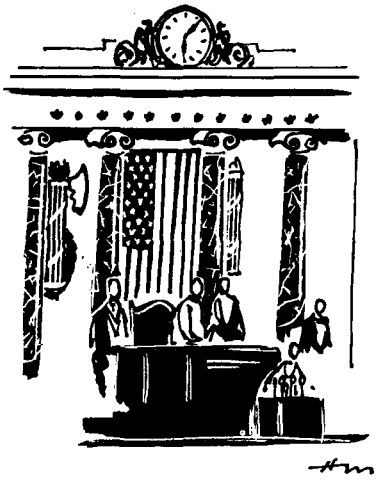
GEORGE MORGENSTERN

BURTON K. WHEELER, United States senator from Montana from 1922 through 1946, was beaten by New York and Hollywood money in the Democratic primary when he sought renomination to a fifth term. The attack upon him was scurrilous in the extreme, and the irony was that a man who prided himself that his "Liberal credentials were impeccable" was marked for political oblivion by Liberals.

Yankee From the West, by Burton K. Wheeler, with Paul F. Healy. Doubleday, $5.95

Wheeler's offense was that he refused to follow The Leader "on every issue." The Leader was Franklin Roosevelt. Wheeler, a Democrat, fought the Democratic President on two major issues. He led the 168-day fight which killed Roosevelt's plan to pack the Supreme Court. He fought Roosevelt every step of the way in the President's sinuous progress toward intervention in World War II. He predicted accurately what the bitter fruits of "victory" would be. He prophesied the futility of the United Nations, but he voted for United States membership only in order to disarm a future argument by the internationalists that American abstention, as with the League of Nations, would destroy "the hope of the world." Politically, Wheeler flunked in internationalism. He was *summa cum laude* in common sense.

Wheeler was born in Hudson, Massachusetts, of a maverick political clan. He was entranced by Bryan's free silver and tariff ideas and became a Democrat. He canvassed the West after working his way through a law degree at the University of Michigan, and came to light, almost accidentally,



in Butte, Montana, where he was trimmed in a rigged poker game by sharpies. Prudently, for fear of prosecution, they didn't cash his check and leave him broke.

Wheeler's Democratic bias was confirmed by his long struggle with Anaconda Copper, the dominating Montana corporation, always known as "The Company." The Company owned most of the newspapers of the state and the legislature and state government in the Bad Old Days. One term in the legislature sufficed. When Wheeler turned down a $9,000 bribe to desert Thomas J. Walsh as a candidate for United States senator, The Company's emissary remarked, "You're the damnedest politician I ever met." Another lobbyist told Wheeler he was the second legislator in twenty years who wouldn't take money.

After that, he was beaten for the nomination of state Attorney General, only to be appointed United States District Attorney for Montana by Woodrow Wilson. He showed extreme principle in refusing to go along with the hysteria during World War I to prosecute cases of "sedition" and "disloyalty"—many, as he found, inspired by old grudges, malicious gossip, and barroom conversation. Nevertheless, Wheeler was a sufficient political liability that he felt obliged to resign in order not to impair Walsh's campaign to succeed himself in the Senate.

Montana politics were still very rough in 1920 when Wheeler ran as the Democratic candidate for governor. During the campaign, he was saved from a lynching by a barber who stabbed the leader of a mob with a penknife, then had to hole up for the night in a boxcar, guarded by a ranch hand with a rifle who held off a posse. Beaten, Wheeler came back two years later to ride the depression of 1920-21 into a 19,000-vote victory for a seat in the Senate. There he made a national reputation investigating corruption in the office of President Harding's Attorney General Harry M. Daugherty, while his fellow Montanan, Walsh, was investigating the scandals of Teapot Dome.

YET WITHIN two years, Wheeler was ready to kick over the traces and run for Vice President on La Follette's third party Progressive ticket. "Between Davis and Coolidge," he announced, "there is only a choice for the conservatives to make." It need hardly be said that this happy choice hasn't occurred in the forty years since. Wheeler survived the inevitable defeat, returned to the Democratic fold, and was the first eminent Democrat to propose (in 1930) Franklin Roosevelt for President. He credited the Progressive platform in 1924 with providing the ideological basis for the New Deal. He supported Roosevelt in most things, and, even though he thought the third term a mistake, promised to "take off my coat and work for your re-election." This, though he thought Roosevelt had no "deep-

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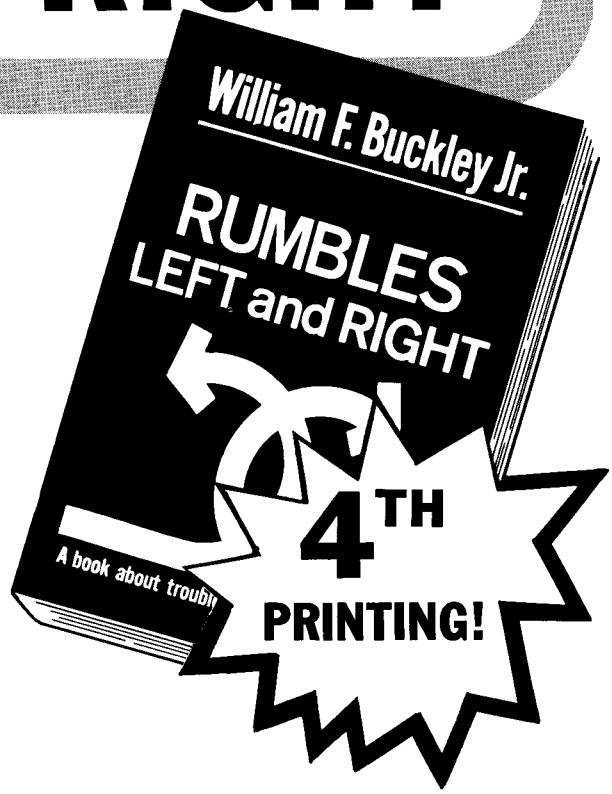

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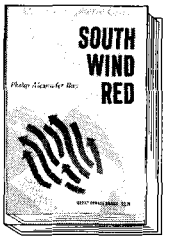

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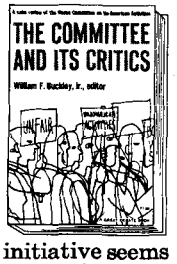

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seated convictions about anything." Indeed, Senator Wheeler remarks that political columnists who evaluated him as a candidate in 1940, when Roosevelt ran for the third term, put him "on the left of Roosevelt."

So here is a paradox—a lifelong Liberal and progressive who knew when the line had to be drawn. He recognized Roosevelt's design for court packing as "illiberal in its very essence." It was the prelude to "totalitarianism": the President wanted to be the one branch of government when the Constitution said there were three. Wheeler writes powerfully on respect for tradition and in support of the integrity of Congress if we are to escape autocratic government. His lasting sermon might be this:

"Through the ages, those called liberal fought to take the power away from the kings and the emperors and give it to the parliaments; now it is the 'liberals' who are anxious to give more and more power to the executive, at the expense of the legislative branch." That way lies Caesar, Hitler, Stalin, Khrushchev, and utter intolerance.

Senator Wheeler is alive and happy at 81. This book is written with the help of Paul F. Healy of the Washington bureau of the *New York Daily News*. The narrative is straightforward and without adornment. The interest in the story of one of the great political figures of our time carries the book effortlessly through 430 pages. Senator Wheeler emerges as an engaging man who also was a man of principle: whatever his defects as a Liberal Democrat, they are more than compensated for by his unfailing respect for a written Constitution and by his belief that, in foreign affairs, our criterion should be, "What's best for America?"

Straight From the Horse's Mouth

WALTER DARNELL JACOBS

MARSHAL SOKOLOVSKY'S work on strategy is likely to have a larger circulation in the U.S. than it had in the USSR. Its Russian-language edition, published last fall in Moscow, ran to only 20,000 copies —a relatively small edition for a major work in the Soviet Union. It has now been published in two English-language versions in this country. As enterprising American publishers interested in profits and the spread of knowledge, Prentice-Hall and Praeger have performed a real service by rushing translations of Sokolovsky into print. (Praeger won the race to publish first. Prentice-Hall was second past the post by about thirty days in a contest that had all the overtones of the *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* sprint.) As a result, an important Soviet military work is now freely available to the bureaucrat, the academician and the public in this country.

While it is a military work, what Sokolovsky has to say is of definite and fundamental significance in the area of politics. His message is that the sole mission of the Soviet armed forces is to fight and win World War III. Both editions make this clear by allowing Marshal Sokolovsky to speak for himself. His style is the dull, colorless prose of normal Soviet writing—and a prose further deadened by unimaginative translation. In this respect, the Prentice-Hall edition is far superior to Praeger's, but even so, it's hard going. Nevertheless, the reader should attempt to stay with it all the way and then—if he still isn't satisfied that he has Sokolovsky's message—turn to the introductions written by Garthoff of State for Praeger and by Wolfe of Rand for Prentice-Hall.

Garthoff's introduction is sensible and tends, even, to be overly elementary. He doesn't give out any incorrect information nor is he par-

Military Strategy: Soviet Doctrine and Concepts, edited by Marshal V. D. Sokolovsky with an Introduction by Raymond L. Garthoff. Praeger, $6.50

Soviet Military Strategy, edited by Marshal of the Soviet Union V. D. Sokolovsky with an Analytical Introduction, Annotations, and Supplementary Material by Herbert S. Dinerstein, Leon Gouré and Thomas W. Wolfe. Prentice-Hall, $7.50

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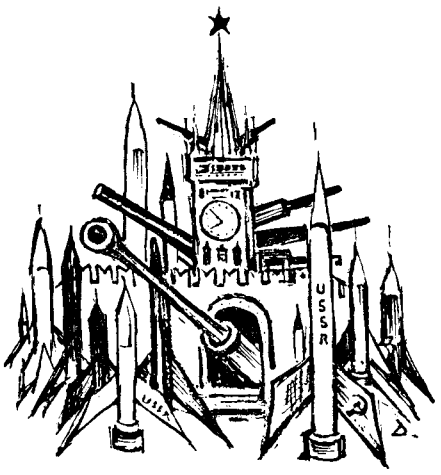

ticularly brilliant, but he deserves credit for a solid if pedestrian job.

The Wolfe introduction is also solid but seems to be rather longer than necessary. Wolfe and his colleagues at Rand have annotated their version and have also provided a useful glossary. Moreover, Wolfe scores a first for American scholarship by admitting that he got a lot of his material from the Foreign Broadcast Information Service Reports. This open secret among Western scholars of the Soviet Union has thus far been clannishly guarded from the outsider. His edition, which through team loyalty is called the Rand edition, is probably the better of the two on over-all balance.

In any event, the introductions, for all their value, are entirely supplementary. Some of the introductions' statements may even divert the reader unnecessarily. For instance, Wolfe is concerned with a dispute between the "radicals and the traditionalists" inside the Soviet camp. Garthoff seems to worry about some purported disagreements between Khrushchev and the "professionals." These matters are of minor moment in comparison to what Sokolovsky says, and what he says can best be taken neat without exegesis or gloss.

SOKOLOVSKY is concerned with the *conduct* of the next war. Both he and Khrushchev are convinced that this war, if it comes, will be an all-out thermonuclear war between the USSR and the U.S.A. It can be avoided, the chiefs in the Kremlin claim, if the imperialists (that is, Kennedy and McNamara, you and me) are sufficiently impressed by the growing strength of the Socialist Camp to stay out of a war which can only end in the victory of socialism anyway. But Sokolovsky is not banking on the triumph of the accommodationists over the resolute in the West. He is ready for Western capitulation and will accept it if it comes—but he is also ready for World War III. That is what his book is all about. He stresses again and again that the Soviet armed forces should be concerned with winning the war. They should also be concerned with avoiding it but should remember that the decision to avoid war rests with their enemy—"imperialism led by the United States"—and not with them. In such a strategic conception of the future, only a very small space is left for a theory of deterrence.

Deterrence is a part of Soviet theory and strategy, but it is not policy and it definitely is not an exclusive theory. Sokolovsky argues that military planners should give at least as much time to planning military actions in the event deterrence fails as they give to attempts to making the deterrent threat credible. "Peace is our profession" is a slogan that is meaningless to Sokolovsky's warriors. War is their profession and they are urged to prepare for it—to prepare for the time when deterrence fails or for the time after the deterrent is launched.

The elaborated plan for action after the invalidation of the deterrence theory is the meat of Sokolovsky's system. He attempts to measure the capabilities of the enemy (the United States) and to devise plans to defeat this enemy with weapons now available or likely to become available. These plans are simple and may seem to some to be strangely conservative and unimaginative. Sokolovsky would organize the entire nation in peace for the needs of war. He would utilize strategic rocket troops as the main arm of combat but would preserve a definite and decisive mission for ground forces—the destruction of the enemy's remnants and the occupation of his heartland. Sokolovsky envisions a relatively long war—a war in which all resources of the fighting sides are brought into conflict. It always ends with the victory of the Socialist Camp—or, for those with a somewhat parochial orientation, the defeat of the West.

Our own approach to military strategy may be deficient for this half of the twentieth century. Its deficiency may well lie in the American

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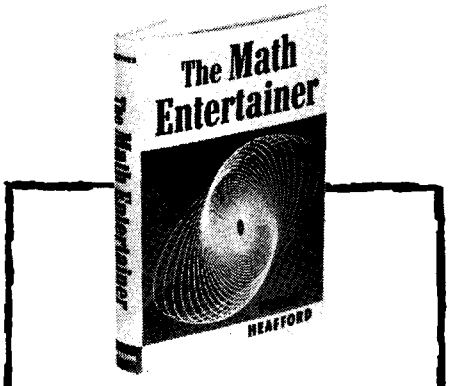

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inability (or near inability) to talk about preparations for a possible world war. We can talk about twilight struggles and counter-insurgencies, but we cannot seriously discuss thermonuclear war. The Soviets have a capability for such a war—and so do we, of course—and this capability makes serious planning for it a priority task even though we are also beholden to strive mightily to avoid it. Talking about avoiding it doesn't mean that we are going to.

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Population and "The Pill"

ROBERT J. NEEDLES

THE TIME HAS COME is a book, in many ways good, in one way remarkable. It is unusual to find so sticky a subject treated with the objectivity which Dr. Rock, a Catholic,

The Time Has Come, by John Rock, M.D. Knopf, $3.95

applies to his discussion. Some aspects of the human situation as it concerns the practice of medicine and the problem of human survival seem inevitably to bring out our worst natures. Everyone, for example, seems to be determined to be either wrong or right at the top of his voice when we deal with vivisection or nuclear warfare.

This is not the author's method. Coolly, writing in a sparse and quite unrhetorical style, he covers the controversy on birth control in so reasonable a way as to bruise but little even those who do not presently agree with his conclusions. One cannot help but attend the thoughts of one who has for so many years worked with and reflected on the diverse aspects of his subject. Some of his material is startling. Malthus may yet discover us eating our words of ridicule concerning his fears. It took some 800,000 years for the earth to acquire a population of three billion. The leap to six billion will take but forty years.

The truth seems to be that men will continue to find ways to evade or to rationalize their disagreement with doctrine. The Catholic Church, in fact, is vulnerable. Having sanctioned the principle of evasion by endorsing "rhythm," it may be impossible to make any except an unreasonable and dishonorable demarcation between that system of family planning and those more effective ones available. Dr. Rock points out that even Catholics are not always aware of the teachings of their Church in this matter. It is not, he points out, their duty to have as many children as their procreative faculties will permit. The matter of caring for them properly after birth is also important. Thus spoke St. Thomas, and it may be that there is yet light to be discerned to illuminate what has been a kind of conflict between immovable doctrine and irresistible and natural forces.

Newest of those frustrating techniques which are not homicide in fact or theory but obstructions to the seeking male element and its counternecessity, is oral progesterone. Called "the pill," this hormone discourages the production of ova for so long as it is taken by the agreeable woman. It is a method, not of ending pregnancy, but of avoiding it: more reliable than the observance of free periods, less subject to transient carelessness; certainly not harmful. This reviewer, not a Catholic, but deeply sympathetic with the problems which so admirable an order has with so disorderly a heap of material as the human race, wonders if here is not that instrument which will relieve the Church of what is becoming a harmful encumbrance. It has come to this: a single facet of the complex which is the Church is attracting and inviting both disbelief and dislike. Might not the whole be better served by submitting some of that exposure to decent draping, offering protection by shading of an area become too engrossed with unrealistic and misinterpreted highlight? Dr. Rock may have suggested such a solution.

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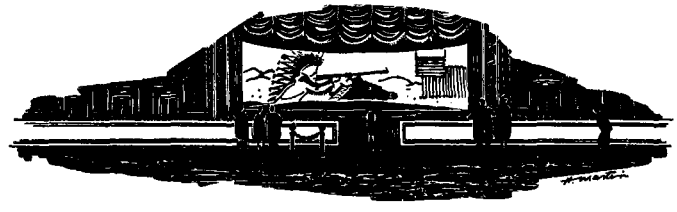
Movies in Brief

JOHN GREGORY DUNNE

● How the West Was Won was not produced; it was perpetrated. With a script by *Life* Magazine out of Frederick Jackson Turner, it purports to tell HTWWW, but ends up as just another Debbie Reynolds picture. There is Debbie as a covered wagon girl, Debbie as a dancing girl in the frontier hell of St. Louis, Debbie as a riverboat singer, Debbie as the wife of a railroad tycoon (an ex-cardsharp by the name of Gregory Peck), and Debbie, with the West finally won, as a grandmaw type. About the only thing she isn't in is the picture's Civil War sequence (but I was always of the opinion, anyway, that the Civil War was a North-South affair). The dialogue runs along the lines of "I guess I seed the last uv that varmint" (honest!) and there is one geographical howler that shows Jimmy Stewart, as a fur trapper, canoeing his furs from the Rockies to Pittsburgh, a trip that—even if such a waterway did exist—would take roughly three years and two months.



The picture is also in Cinerama, a process which I recommend wholeheartedly to all the world's three-eyed people. For us two-eyed folks, the three-paneled screen creates an irritating distortion along the seams where the panels join. Actors in the two end panels, moreover, always look as if they are walking uphill; in one scene, I thought sure that Henry Fonda and Old Paint would slide right off the screen, even though he was riding on what was supposed to be the table-flat Great Plains.

If not the worst American movie of the year, *How the West Was Won* is certainly a gross national product.

● 55 Days at Peking could be called *How the East Was Lost,* but, unlike its occidental counterpart, it is thoroughly good fun. Laughingly billed as the story of the Boxer Rebellion and the 55-day siege of the Western diplomatic compound in Peking, the picture has something for everybody —dust-ups, beheadings, brawls, explosions, derring-do, love unrequited, a homeless Chinese waif, concubines, Charlton Heston, Ava Gardner, David Niven, Flora Robson, Paul Lukas, Robert Helpmann (worth the price of admission alone as he camps it up in high style with silk robes, plucked eyebrows, and three-inch-long, jewel-encrusted, gold fingernails), Leo Genn, and thousands of evil-eyed Chinese villains ("That's okay," says one of the film's producers, "we're not selling in China.").

But the real reason for the picture's success is Producer Samuel Bronston, a sort of road company Sam Spiegel who has mined history for such epics as *John Paul Jones* and *El Cid,* and who, if he is short on delivering character subtleties, is long on what the Industry lovingly calls "production values." Unlike the producers of *How the West Was Won,* for example, Bronston is cheerfully unpretentious—on an epic scale. Recently the producer's resident intellect, Philip Yordan, who has written all Bronston's recent pictures, explained to Britain's *Sunday Times* how Bronston & Co. delved into the archives of history. "We may decide to do a picture just because Charlton Heston is available," says Yordan. "After all, we ain't playing games. We ain't struggling to be artists, not any one of us. It's pictures we're making, not history. People complain in our kind of pictures you never get to know any people, it's all catastrophes. Sure, El Cid went to the toilet. Am I obligated to show it?" As for his scripts, Yordan says: "They're not so much written, they're manufactured." No matter. In *55 Days at Peking,* Yordan's words are graven on stone, the stone in this case being Charlton Heston.

● Sparrows Can't Sing is a gem of a comedy, a glittering kaleidoscope of London's East End, bawdy, raucous, vulgar, and often outrageously funny. It is the work of Joan Littlewood, heretofore the archfoe of Britain's theatrical establishment. But unlike the Angries, Miss Littlewood was never satisfied merely with anti-establishmentarian protest. Instead she was a reverse snob who in her tiny theater at Stratford East beat a razz-matazz solo for the earthy vitality of the working classes. Under her deft command, beer such as Brendan Behan's *The Hostage* and Shelagh Delaney's *A Taste of Honey* fizzed like champagne. In her debut as a film director, Miss Littlewood shows that she hasn't lost her touch with the change of medium.

The plot of *Sparrows Can't Sing* is wispy. A brash and brawny sailor, off a merchantman after two years of whoring around the world, comes home to find his wife, a blonde, round-heeled piece of crumpet, sharing digs with a quiet bus-driver type, and wheeling around a baby that may or may not be the swabbie's. Charley, the sailor, hunts her up, bats her around, loves her up, and gets her back—or back at least until he sets off once more on the briny. Hanging around the fringes of this triangle (it's actually more like a carousel) are a passel of friends and relatives, not a one of whom is merely local color, but is always a living, breathing individual. With Miss Littlewood firmly at the helm, *Sparrows* never runs, but rampages from pub, to bed, to outhouse. The cast is perfect, and James Booth as Sailor Charley and Roy Kinnear as his brother, a window washer, are pluperfect.

● If *Sparrows Can't Sing* is a gem, The L-Shaped Room is a rhinestone —flashy, splashy, and utterly worthless. The film is a bathetic little exercise that dabbles, in passing, in illegitimacy, homosexuality, lesbianism and abortion. It is an offensive picture, not because of the subject matter (*Sparrows* was far earthier), but because of the cheap and shameless manner in which it milks every tear. There is not a spark of spontaneity to relieve its turgidity.

Leslie Caron plays a deflowered Gigi, *enceinte* after a loveless affair whose only purpose was to rid her of her "cumbersome" virginity. She finds a room to wait out her time in a sleazy Notting Hill rooming house. Her fellow tenants are a mixed bag: from basement to attic, they include

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two hookers, a sluttish landlady, an unpublished writer, our poor little French waif, and a Negro jazz trumpeter sweet on the writer. Miss Caron falls in love with the writer, but neglects to tell him of her plight. (The dialogue is on this level; even the old Queen of the Soaps, Elaine Carrington, would have winced.) The Negro tells the writer, who has the Big Scene with Miss Caron: Iloveyoubutcan'tmarryyoubecausethat childisnotmine. In the end they agree to be Friends; Leslie has the baby and heads back home to France, proud and unvanquished, with an upper lip so stiff it's almost a muscular deformity.

Primarily responsible for this objectionable picture is writer-director Bryan Forbes, who got a British Academy Award for his screenplay. Miss Caron also garnered a British Oscar for her performance (the same one she's given for ten years). If this is Britain's best, a little healthy Anglophobia is definitely encouraged.

● My closing note is to all cinema cognoscenti everywhere. I recently read where one of Hollywood's great thinkers was producing a little epic tentatively titled *Playboy*—a movie biography of *Playboy Magazine* publisher Hugh Hefner which will star that Adonis of the Gowanus, Tony Curtis. My first reaction to this stunner was "They're kidding." They weren't.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

MY ENEMY'S ENEMY, by Kingsley Amis (Harcourt, $3.95). Six short stories and a novella are here collected to present a comfortless review of British social and political developments since World War II. The first three pieces share common setting and characters: a group of British officers billeted in a Belgian school in mid-1945. The painful silencing of conservative Major Raleigh in the Officers' Mess clearly foreshadows Labor's victory on the home front. The Major's rigid respect for discipline and purpose, and his helpless fear of a new order with no more parades, are contrasted with the easily satisfied, anarchic, amoral tendencies of young Lieutenant Archer. The second trio of stories is dressed in mufti and set in Attlee's England. They assume the situation defined in the earlier pieces and proceed to press home the burden of responsibility for it. It falls on the man who has abdicated his duty to social commitment and on the machine who has taken his place: the technician in paternalism, the moral commando, with his creed of roll-up-your-sleeves-and-get-on-with-it (and never mind what "it" is). The final story, science fiction, extends the fearful theme into an unspecified future. The uncommitted have evolved into mindless laboratory specimens; all power to the technicians! The tone throughout is an uncommonly serious one for Amis, and his palinode ("There'll always be an England" variety) is perhaps inevitable, but not convincing. The writing is firm and uncluttered. R. BEMIS

EXPLORERS OF THE INFINITE, by Sam Moskowitz (World, $6). It is known to everyone who has criticized, or patronized, a poet or a politico, that grace does not confer accuracy. It seems to be unknown to a large minority of scholars that no amount of scholarship in itself confers grace. We must in fairness forgive the other if we forgive the one, and doing so for the heavy-handed Mr. Moskowitz and his knobby prose will free the reader for total enjoyment of this extraordinarily detailed history of speculative fiction, from the enchanting space flights of Cyrano, through the golem's influence on robot stories, to the documentary, psycho-social approach of so much modern science fiction. Few of these pages fail to yield fascinating discoveries: the vicious racism of M. P. Shiel, for example, or the battle of the pulp giants when Otis Adelbert Kline took on Edgar Rice Burroughs, the combatants hurling epics at one another; or the seminality of such widely divergent talents as Frank Reade Jr., of dime-novel fame, and Karel Capek. Purists may be appalled at the elimination from the extensive index of Budrys, Shute, Tenn, Vonnegut, Vercors and Tom Godwin; yet anyone who has ever thrilled to Haggard, chilled to Lovecraft, or smashed planets along with E. E. Smith and John Campbell will be delighted with this remarkable book. T. STURGEON

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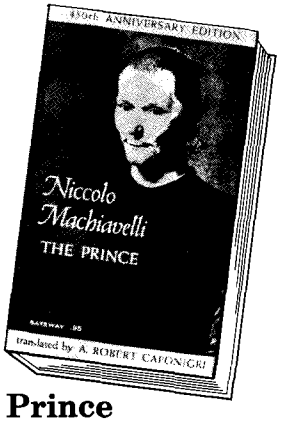

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To the Editor

Point of Privilege

In a recent editorial [June 18] you expressed concern over the resolution which I had introduced, with the cosponsorship of 33 other senators, calling for a ban on all tests that contaminate the atmosphere or oceans. In addition, your editorial implied that there was some kind of contradiction between my resolution and the position I had previously espoused.

If you examine the record of the various statements I have made over the past several years, I believe you would agree that my resolution does not in any sense represent a discontinuity of viewpoint. Indeed, I made this proposal in almost identical terms at the conclusion of my first Senate speech on the test ban negotiations in May of 1960.

I share your estimate of the futility of agreements with the Soviets, if these agreements are not based on safeguards that make them more or less self-enforceable. I have repeatedly taken the stand that I would favor a comprehensive test ban if it incorporated safeguards which made it impossible, or at least exceedingly difficult, for the Soviets to cheat. On the other hand, I have spoken up repeatedly against the successive drafts of a comprehensive test ban treaty which we have submitted in recent years: first, because no instruments have yet been devised that can verify tests in outer space and, second, because the stipulated safeguards against clandestine underground testing have been reduced to the point where they are meaningless. Such a treaty, if it were ever signed, would rest on the totally unwarranted assumption of Soviet good faith.

I believe, however, that we could safely commit ourselves to a ban on tests that contaminate the atmosphere because such a ban would not depend on Soviet good faith or on a monitoring system of questionable adequacy. With the possible exception of very low-yield explosions that produce little radioactivity, such tests can readily be monitored with existing apparatus and without access to the Soviet Union—so that, if the Soviets were to cheat, we would know immediately that they had cheated. Even in the case of low-yield explosions, it is now a matter of public record that our monitoring network is capable of picking up acoustic signals from atmospheric tests of one kiloton or less; and I take it for granted that, if there were an agreement, and if we then picked up a series of acoustic signals resembling those generated by atmospheric tests and originating in the territory of the Soviet Union, we would construe this as clear evidence of a Soviet violation even in the absence of radioactive debris.

As I pointed out above, I first made this proposal in a speech on the floor of the Senate in May 1960. I also point out in this connection that quite a number of people, both Democrats and Republicans, who have taken a hard-headed approach on the question of a comprehensive test ban and who have studied the entire problem carefully, have made proposals similar to mine.

I am convinced that the resolution which I submitted surrenders nothing, while it strengthens our position in several ways.

Perhaps it should not be so, but, the state of world opinion being what it is, I think it can be taken as a virtual certainty that neither a Democratic nor a Republican Administration would test in the atmosphere before the Soviets did. On this one point I think you will find complete agreement among those who have studied the situation carefully, no matter what their attitude on the question of a comprehensive test ban.

Accepting the existence of this conditional moratorium on atmospheric tests as a political fact of life, does it not make sense to convert this *de facto* moratorium into a challenge to Soviet good faith in the test ban negotiations? And does it not also make sense to assure the Administration by means of a formal Senate resolution that there is complete Senate support for a position which, while refraining from atmospheric testing, 1) moves full speed ahead with our underground test program and 2) keeps our atmospheric testing facilities in a state of standby readiness?

I hope that these few remarks will help to clarify my position to the readers of NATIONAL REVIEW.

Washington, D.C. THOMAS J. DODD

Not My Boy

In the editorial comments regarding the contents of your June 4 issue, you expressed the hope that your readers would like "My Son, the Pacifist," adding that you nearly succumbed from the laughter it provoked.

At no time was my survival in jeopardy, primarily because I do not have a working knowledge of Latin or French. I bore up nicely through the reading of "Marching to London," however, and would have been foolhardy enough to try and handle "Gaudeamus Igitur" and "Chère

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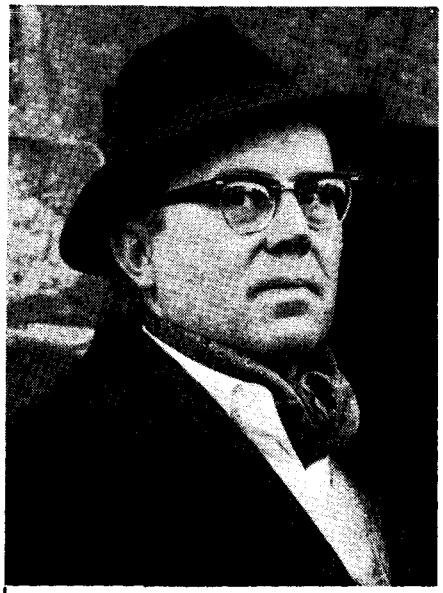

Speaking Up . . .

Russell Kirk, author of *The Conservative Mind*, of nine major works of political theory, of 17 critical introductions for scholarly reprints of the classics, and three romance and mystery novels, has also had over 400 short stories and essays published in the leading magazines of this country and Europe. Dr. Kirk will accept invitations now to lecture and debate around the country next fall.

Your university or club can also write now for openings in the fall schedules of our other speakers: Miguel Kohly, expert in the field of inter-American relations; Frank S. Meyer, author of *In Defense of Freedom;* Thomas Molnar, writer and spokesman for the conservative position; Erik Ritter von Kuehnelt-Leddihn, humanist and lecturer; Wm. F. Buckley Jr., editor of National Review; William A. Rusher, publisher of National Review and former counsel to the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee; William Rickenbacker, a dynamic young editor and colorful speaker; Ernest van den Haag, professor of social philosophy; Willmoore Kendall, Rhodes Scholar and Senior Editor of National Review; and L. Brent Bozell, author, lecturer and attorney.

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Jackie," had you not foreseen the incumbent danger and taken the precaution to eliminate this hazard. I am forever in your debt.

As for those unfortunates who were able to read and comprehend, and were found sprawled in their final attitudes still clutching the fatal Page 446 of Vol. XIV, No. 22, may I say, RIP!

Los Angeles, Calif. PATRICIA H. MERRILL

RIP? What's that? Speak English, Merrill! —ED.

My Friend, the President

On or about June 30, Mr. Stuart Udall, our Secretary of the Interior, made a speech in Arizona in which he stated that Premier Khrushchev had informed him during a trip to Moscow in 1961 that he had interfered in American politics during the 1960 Presidential election. This interference supposedly took the form of failing to release American flyers whose release had been negotiated by Eisenhower. By this action, according to Udall, K. hoped to insure the election of Kennedy, whom he favored over Mr. Nixon. Interesting, no?

Hayden Lake, Idaho W. PAUL SHRUM, M.D.

Yes. —ED.

Kidnaped

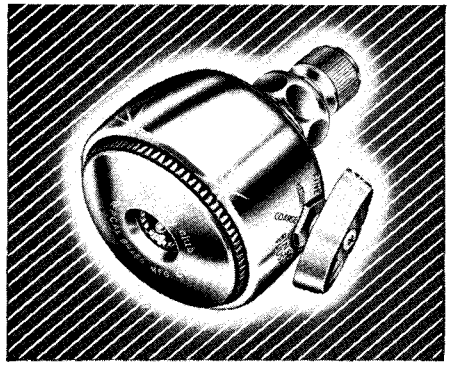
Colonel Argoud's dramatic story [July 16] was a real shocker to those who believe that de Gaulle's reign in France has been characterized by an observance of that basic Western principle of the rule of law. Even as de Gaulle was consummating his marriage with Germany, his agents were violating German sovereignty by kidnaping a man on German soil. This is a terribly important story and an extremely well-told one. Just one question: how did Argoud manage to smuggle the story out past de Gaulle's guards? Is the Dictator less efficient than Argoud claims?

Philadelphia, Pa. PHILIP R. SCHACHTER

It should be obvious that NATIONAL REVIEW *cannot disclose how Colonel Argoud's story reached us.* —ED.

Gas Warfare in Yemen

I have seen almost no mention in the news columns of the Kennedy regime's war on pro-West Saudi Arabia, and the legal government of Yemen. Some people may be aware that the



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Kennedy regime recognized the murderer and usurper Sallal as the ruler of Yemen after his unsuccessful attempt to murder Imam Badr, the ruler of Yemen. So far, the legal government and the loyal Yemenis are winning the nine-month war against the pro-Communist Sallal and his Egyptian overlord, Nasser. The Egyptian army of 28,000 men and hundreds of Communist technicians are being financed by the Kennedy regime to subjugate Yemen.

The Yemenis have been winning their fight for freedom in spite of the murderous effects of gas warfare, aerial bombardment of innocent villagers, and the New Frontier's moral and financial support of Nasser's attempt to colonize Yemen. The Kennedy regime is now being forced to play its trump card: a United Nations force is to be used to help the Egyptians. In fact, the old methods of attacking a country fighting for its freedom are to be used in Yemen in the same way as they were used in Katanga. The old territorial excuse (that Katanga was once part of the former Belgian colony) is not to be used in Yemen, since Yemen is part of the Arabian land mass, and therefore might be more justly claimed by pro-West Saudi Arabia.

Surely the recognition of the murderer Sallal by the Kennedy regime is contrary to international law, since he had not even effective control of the country. It seems an act of folly aimed at endangering the peace in the Southern Arabian Federation, Saudi Arabia, and pro-West Jordan. It also seems to be a blow aimed at our ally Britain, who for so long kept the peace in Southern Arabia.

Tuxedo Park, N.Y. W. D. VANRENEN

Vermont Roistering

In Russell Kirk's account [July 16] of the suppression of anti-Communist material from Vermont's CD Survival Training course, the statement is made that a subordinate of Education Commissioner Holden banned a pamphlet by John Edgar Hoover. In fact, Mr. Holden banned the pamphlet himself, at the instance of the new chairman of the State Board of Education and a variety of pacifist organizations in Vermont whose power has risen sharply since the surprising election last fall of a Democrat as governor.

Commissioner Holden did tell the Senate committee investigating the

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"We are winning. In the end we will win the world. There can be no compromise. We are and will be on the offensive. Whether we are to triumph by peaceful or nonpeaceful means depends upon whether our opponents are willing to capitulate without a struggle. We know that they will not yield willingly; so it is not hard to guess what means we shall have to adopt to rid the world of them."

Nikita Khrushchev
In response to questions
put to him by a Milan (Italy) editor.

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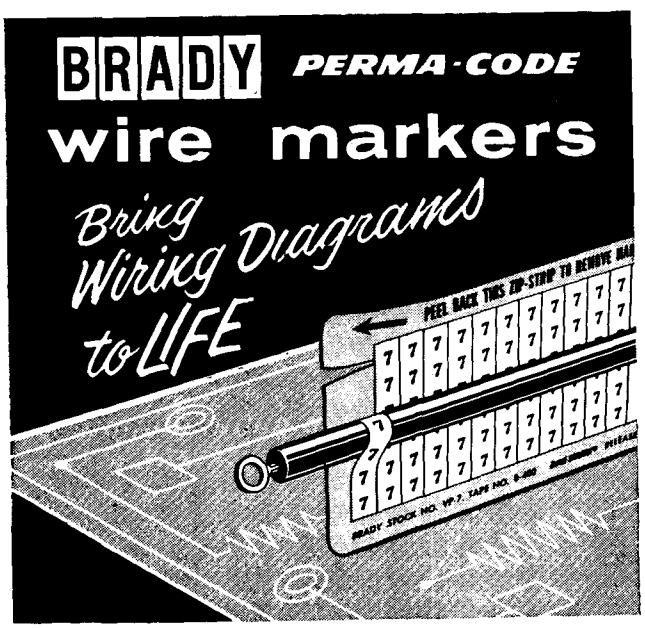

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ruckus that he had signed the order without reading it, but few Vermonters believe him. The man Holden claimed was responsible was Edward Romney—a well-known conservative. Mr. Romney had introduced the anti-Communist material in the first place, and had thereby incurred the ire of the Left.

That such a situation could come to pass in Vermont is eloquent testimonial to the growing influence of the radical pacifists—whose numbers may be small but whose bleats are very loud.

Rutland, Vt. WARREN TAYLOR

Open Letter to the Attorney General

Dear Mr. Attorney General:

Your rules for implementing a Civil Rights Bill are slightly vague, particularly the "Mrs. Murphy Amendment," which states that a home owner "can take in two or three boarders" without integrating. Suppose only white guests are accepted, and the third one wires his wife to come on from Chicago or wherever. Must she be black because she is the fourth boarder? This could cause no end of confusion.

Too, what happens if Mrs. Murphy serves hot dogs? You say a hot dog vendor must sell to everyone regardless of color *if* he uses mustard "which came across a state line"! If Mrs. M. uses this type of mustard will it change her boarding house (where she's been free to discriminate) into a hot dog stand (where she is not)? Or can she remain neutral by omitting the mustard altogether?

Or, suppose she just says the hell with hot dogs, I'll give 'em hamburgers. Since hamburger vendors must also integrate (presumably because their onions crossed a state line) she'll be right back in the fix she was in before. But if she rebels and decides to use only Bermuda onions, brother you've got real trouble. Like maybe an international crisis. And Macmillan's too busy to hop over and discuss onions. He's all fouled up with English tomatoes.

Strikes me you'll save yourself an attack of indigestion if, first off, you find out who threw the mustard and onions into Mrs. Murphy's Amendment. Once that is determined, you can return to your population explosion project with an utterly clear conscience.

New York, N.Y. CONSTANCE CAMERON

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When you think of all this, do you see any reason for the federal government to spend your taxes on more federally owned power systems—a job it doesn't have to do?

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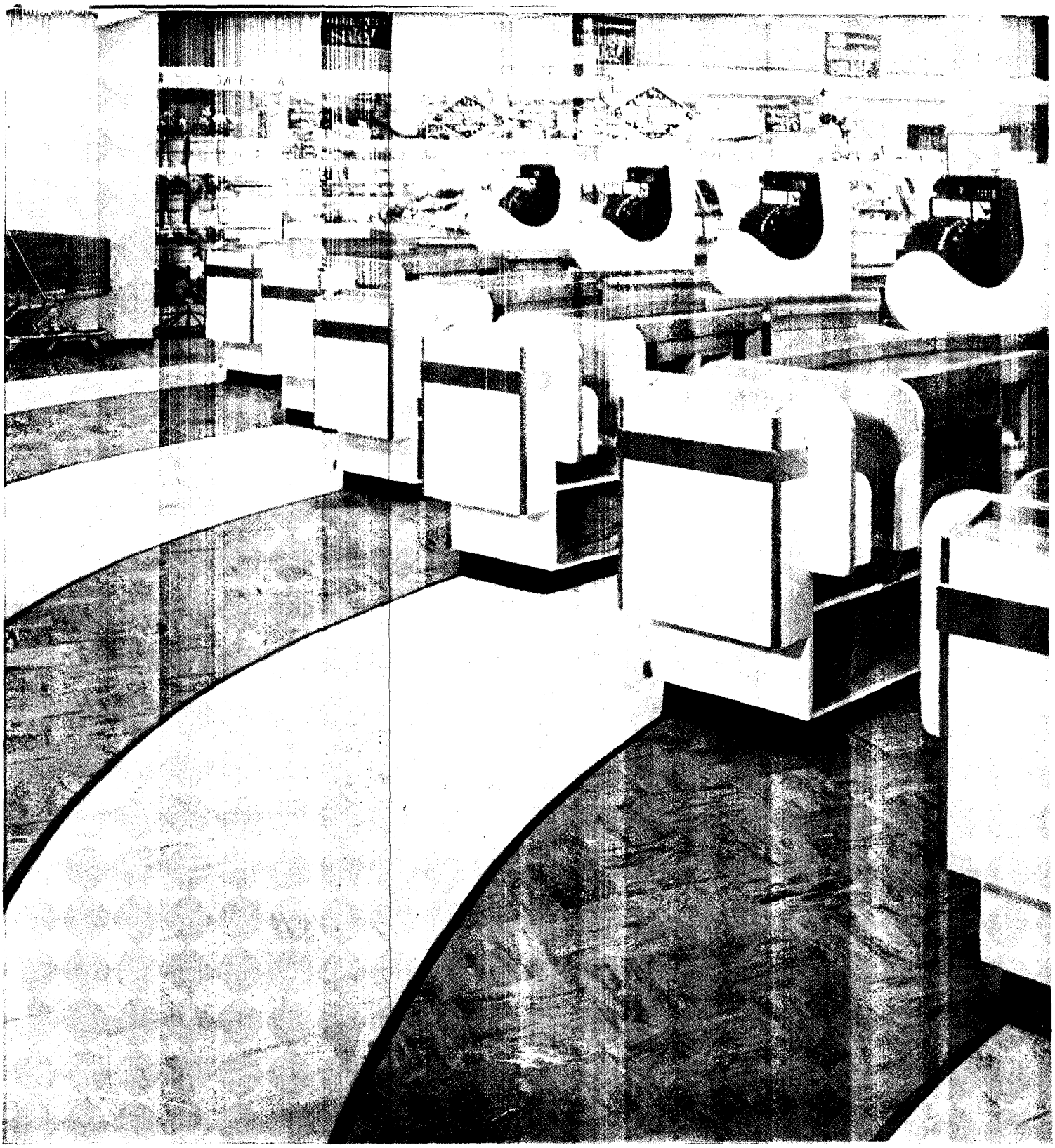

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